

# The Reader's Digest

## SERVICE



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Number 32

DECEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR

## TOPICS IN BRIEF

From The Literary Digest

The only time pedestrians have the right-of-way is when the ambulance is taking them to the hospital.—Chickasha Star.

It is estimated that the hand-shaking from one election would milk every cow in the United States twice.—Wichita Beacon.

They tell of a strange case in a small Missouri town. A man complained of pains in his heel. His physicians removed his teeth, but the pains continued. They removed his tonsils, and still the pains remained. As a final resort they removed his shoe and the X-ray revealed a long-embedded needle in his heel.—Kansas City Star.

We don't see why there should ever be a lumber shortage, seeing how many planks in political platforms are never used after election.—Dallas Times Herald.

Some people imagine they are being sympathetic when really they are only being inquisitive.—Springfield (Ill.) State Journal.

Waves of indignation occasionally sweep the country, but they seldom have much of a cleaning effect.—Nashville Banner.

Brazilian voters are now engaged in casting their bullets for a new president.—New York American.

The thing that makes war inevitable is the conviction that war is inevitable.—Everett Herald.

A statesman is one who wants to do something for his country; a politician is one who wants his country to do something for him.—Manila Bulletin.

Every day the world's facilities improve for transmitting intelligence, but the intelligence doesn't seem to keep pace with the facilities.—Columbia Record.

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# The Reader's Digest

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in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

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DECEMBER 1924

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## Pocahontas

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (Nov. '24)

*J. Pennington*

**T**HE story of Pocahontas learned at school usually ended with the rescue of Captain John Smith by the Indian maiden, and yet the incidents of her life after this episode were even more picturesque. When Pocahontas threw herself between the English captain and the up-raised clubs of her father's braves, she was about 13 years of age; and, although she lived to be only 22, the nine succeeding years were crowded with adventure.

Pocahontas' father, Powhatan, was the chief of all the Indian tribes in the eastern part of America; so Pocahontas was a princess. Early records of the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, tell how the little naked savage romped into the fort and taught fair-haired children of English birth the art of turning cart wheels and handsprings.

While Captain John Smith, an enterprising colonist, was on a journey up the James River, in 1607, he was attacked, and, although he fought for his life, he was captured and brought before Powhatan. After several weeks, the valiant captain realized his end was near. He relates in his own writing that Pocahontas saved his life by throwing

herself upon him just as the clubs of the executioners were about to descend on his head. It seems strange, however, that Captain Smith did not allude to the occurrence until some years later, when Pocahontas was a reigning sensation in London. But at any rate, the little princess did again and again save the settlement of white men from starvation and attack, and her mediation between the colonists and the Indians actually made possible the continuation of the settlement at Jamestown.

Pocahontas' efforts to keep peace were somewhat slackened after Captain Smith left the colony and went off adventuring in foreign lands. She became the bride of one of her father's aides, and while living with a native band was captured by Captain Samuel Argall. It was his plan to hold her for ransom, but the parleying with Powhatan lasted so long that Pocahontas settled down in the white men's community and lived happily with her captors, who taught her to speak English and initiated her into the principles of Christianity. Incidentally, Pocahontas was the first native to become a Christian convert. Among those that took an interest in her was John Rolfe,

a widower, and the pair became so much attached that they decided to marry.

Powhatan was delighted with his daughter's union with a white man, and from the time of the marriage peace reigned between the two races. The wedding took place in a church in Jamestown when Pocahontas was 19. She was baptized first, and given the name of Rebecca—a prosaic choice for the erstwhile tomboy!

A son was born to the Englishman and the beautiful Indian girl, and when the baby was about a year old John Rolfe decided to take his wife and child overseas to his home. The arrival of "the Lady Rebecca" in London made a tremendous stir. The Bishop of London entertained her, and she was presented to the king and queen. The king, James I, "the ever-jealous royal duncie," envied the attentions and honors heaped upon the brown-skinned princess, and tried to make trouble for the honest Rolfe by pretending that he had no right, as a commoner, to take a royal bride without permission from his sovereign. It was also hinted that James I feared their son might inherit from Powhatan "the Kingdom of America."

When Captain John Smith, who had been reported dead, returned from one of his mysterious voyages, he found all England ablaze with excitement over the Princess Pocahontas. Balls were being given for her, crowds followed her about, inns were named in her honor "La Belle Sauvage." Captain Smith visited her at Brentford, but the shock of seeing him alive was so great that she scarcely could speak for some hours. "They did tell me always you were dead," she murmured. "Your countrymen will lie so much." It was at this time that Captain John Smith addressed to the queen a letter in which he told the story of his rescue by Pocahontas, and of her many good

deeds on behalf of the colony. Some say that this letter of the versatile captain does not prove the authenticity of his rescue at the hands of the Indian girl, because of his well-known weakness for embroidering and expanding any story in which he figured.

When John Rolfe decided to return to Virginia, he set out with his wife alone, leaving their son Thomas in care of Sir Lewis Stewkley. But when they reached Gravesend and embarked on the boat that was to carry them to America, Pocahontas fell ill (of smallpox, it is believed), died, and was buried in the church chancel.

Early in the next century the church was burned down; when it was restored, a memorial tablet was erected to the dusky American princess. Just before the World War, two stained-glass windows were presented to the church by the Society of Colonial Dames of Virginia.

Rolfe returned to America, and his son, Thomas, also came eventually. It is from Pocahontas' grandchild that the wife of ex-President Wilson is descended.

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The outstanding feature in the current issue of *The Mentor* is "A Trip Through the West Indies," with many new fine illustrations.

"The dull, cold northern skies of winter make sun worshippers of most of us—and our minds turn naturally toward the south. Calm seas call us; green islands, tropical vegetation, and white cities call: the romance of the 'Spanish Main,' the 'Antilles,' and the 'Windward Passage' calls—and strongest and most compelling of all is the call of the warm sunshine."

Other articles in the November *Mentor* include: "Marco Polo, Pathfinder of Asia," "Sabatini Is Making History Live Again," "The Heroic Death of Magellan," "A West Indian 'Emperor Jones,'" "Trinidad—Where the Pavement Begins."



# American History on the Screen

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Sept. '24)

Clayton Hamilton

THERE is an old saying that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. A gentleman is distinguished by the fact that subconsciously he is aware of his ancestry and feels that he has been destined to carry on the customs of an honorable lineage; and no citizen of this country can become, in the real sense, an American until he has grown subconsciously aware that he has been destined to carry on the tradition of a significant and stimulating past. We speak rightly of the founders of this nation as "the Fathers"; and it is necessary that our multitudes should be taught to regard themselves not merely as the inheritors but also as, in a spiritual sense, the children of such progenitors as Washington and Franklin, Hamilton and Jefferson.

Compared with countries of Europe, careless commentators might say that the United States is a nation without a past; but its brief history has been consistent in its continuity and has been crowded with so many instances of undaunted courage and unprecedented energy that no healthy man can read our records without an appreciable quickening of the pulse.

The children of our immigrants will be brought up as Americans; but how about their foreign parents, who never saw this country until they had arrived at adult years? We cannot compel them to go to school. They read newspapers in the dialects of the old-home countries they have fled from overseas. How are we to teach them what America has always meant, ever since Jamestown was founded by the Cavaliers and the Puritans landed on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts?

There can be but one answer—the motion picture. Mr. E. S. Van Zile informs us that the average weekly attendance at picture theaters in the United States is 50,000,000. In a happy phrase, he calls the motion picture "the Esperanto of the Eye"; truly, it breaks down the barriers of language and annihilates that polygot estrangement which has cursed the world, according to the ancient legend, since the building of the Tower of Babel.

It should be apparent therefore that an important result will be achieved by such an enterprise as that undertaken by the Yale University Press—to summarize in motion pictures the entire history of this country in a series of 33 "Chronicles of America," running to an average length of three reels each. We are fortunate in the fact that the story of America is peculiarly picturable. Brief as our history has been, it is replete not only with dramatic incidents but also with epic undertakings wherein the dauntless spirit of mankind has been pitted against gigantic obstacles of nature.

The Yale University Press can safely meet the requirements necessary in order properly to tell the story of America in 100 reels of motion pictures. This is amply demonstrated in all the "Chronicles" which have thus far been completed, although the list contains such varying items as "Columbus," "Jamestown," "Peter Stuyvesant," "Vincennes," "The Frontier Woman," "Daniel Boone," "The Gateway of the West," "Wolfe and Montcalm," and "The Declaration of Independence." Each of the "continuities" is prepared under the supervision of one of the foremost authorities on

the special period with which it deals; and all of the details are passed upon by a corps of specialists in historical scholarship. Moreover, to meet the dramatic requirement, both "continuity"-writers and directors have been employed who have had considerable experience in making motion pictures for the theater-going public.

When the "Chronicles of America" were planned, the purpose was merely to issue them for educational uses in the history classes of our secondary schools. The running of each three-reel "Chronicle" occupies the time of an ordinary classroom period; and the 33 successive "Chronicles" may be shown at weekly intervals throughout the academic year. But, when the first four or five pictures were exhibited privately to the leading representatives of the motion picture industry, the astonishing discovery was made that, instead of seeming dull and heavy by reason of their scholarship, these "Chronicles" were much more interesting and entertaining than the majority of motion pictures that are concocted deliberately for the amusement of the multitude. Consequently, it has now been arranged that the "Chronicles" shall be shown in the motion picture theaters for a year before they are relegated to the school-rooms.

It is to be hoped that these "Chronicles" may ultimately be employed also as an influence in the Americanization of our citizens of foreign birth. It might take years to teach the English language to our recent immigrants; whereas it would take only 30 or 40 hours to unfold before them this entire panorama of our history in a language that they already understand. . . .

The commercial manufacturers of motion pictures have recently discovered the important fact that history may be more effective than fiction as a pabulum for the pleasure-seeking world. "The Covered Wagon" is the most successful mo-

tion picture that has ever been exhibited, with the possible exception of "The Birth of a Nation." And in studying the effect of "The Covered Wagon" on its observers, it is important to notice that the public cares little or nothing about its fictitious elements, but concentrates a thoroughly enthralled attention upon its historical and epic significance. Nobody cares very much about the handsome young hero or the pretty young heroine. But the people who are gazing at the screen are avid for the winning of the West; they ardently desire to see the dauntless pioneers push the frontier of civilization to the very coast of the Pacific; and, when the epic cause is won, they glow and tingle with a sense of heroism that is ancestrally American.

The same reaction of the public is observable at the exhibitions of the latest production by Mr. Griffith, entitled "America: Series One: The Sacrifice." This picture, which aims to present an epic rendering of the story of our American Revolution, is presented in two parts. The first part is confined almost entirely to the facts of history; and the second part elaborates a fictitious story of a hero, a heroine, and a villain. Throughout the first part, which rarely departs from the recorded facts of history, "America" enthralls the public and is generally received as a greater picture than Griffith's "Birth of a Nation"; but when, in the second part, the narrative wanders away from fact to fiction, the public is oppressed with a heavy sense of anticlimax. Nothing more thrilling has ever been shown upon the screen than the epic ride of Paul Revere; and scarcely less provocative of responsive enthusiasm are the apparently authentic reproductions of the memorable stand of the Minute Men at Lexington, the battles at Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill, and the agonies endured at Valley Forge. But after such experiences as these, after

(Continued on Page 456)

# As I Like It

Excerpts from Scribner's Magazine (Nov. '24)

*William Lyon Phelps*

I CAN hardly write the words fast enough to tell all my readers who love books and stories of the sea to run, not walk, as the Fire Commissioner commands, to the nearest bookshop, and there secure a copy of "Under Sail," by Felix Riesenbergh. I had sailed around old Cape Stiff with John Masefield, with Richard Henry Dana, and with other deep-water men; but never did I more keenly enjoy the thrilling experience. There are several reasons for this; the "A. J. Fuller" was a full-rigged ship, kites and all, and thank heaven, had no auxiliary; her captain, Charles M. Nichols, still living, while a disciplinarian, was as square-rigged as his vessel; the crew were on the whole thoroughly good fellows; nothing on board was absolutely bad except the food.

The ship left New York December 5, 1897, went round the Horn to Honolulu, and docked in New York again, September, 1898. Felix Riesenbergh, 18 years old, was a foremast hand in the port watch and, while an excellent seaman, happened to have two other qualities; the imagination of a poet, and the ability to write down his experiences in a prose style so vivid that every reader will share them.

This book held me in captivity from beginning to end. It is a masterpiece of narration, description, characterization. I say this book deserves to stand on the same shelf with "Two Years Before the Mast," with "Moby Dick," with "The Nigger of the Narcissus," with "The Ebb Tide," and with the other classics of the sea.

Transportation by steam was an advance in efficiency; but like so many other advances in science, what beauty, what infinite beauty, it de-

stroyed! I shall always be thankful that my first voyage to Europe was on a small steamer that carried and used canvas, with a deck so low that in heavy weather—of which we had plenty—we had not only the sensation of being on the sea, but of having the sea on us. One tremendous green comber knocked me clear across the deck, and laid me flat in the lee scuppers.

Recently I asked a man, who had arrived from Europe on one of the frivolous hotels that are now used as ferries, whether there were any rough days. "I haven't the slightest idea," said he; "I never saw the sea from port to port." It appeared that he was on one of the enclosed decks some 60 feet above the water. There is an insulting contrast between the artificiality of the modern floating palace and an element so primitive as the ocean; it is like a dining car passing through infinite miles of sagebrush.

In reading "Under Sail" I am again filled with admiration for the amazing courage and skill of the old seamen; I think of their unspeakable hardships and miserable wages. Donn Byrne has expressed the obsession of the sea as well as any writer, when he makes one of his characters say that while at sea he wonders how he could ever have been fool enough to come; but on shore a few days, and he gets the irresistible pull; longs to feel the salty air in his face, on a "ship as clean as a cat from stem to stern."

I had rather read sea-stories than any other form of fiction. And even better than fiction is "Under Sail," which has the excitement of a romantic novel combined with the fundamental satisfaction of actuality.

(Continued from Page 454)

meeting Washington upon the screen, and Patrick Henry, and Samuel Adams, the public can have little patience when "America" strays off, in the second part, into an ordinary R. W. Chambers story about a very vicious villain who steals a simpering heroine away from the good-looking leading man. The ingredients that were designed by Mr. Griffith to render palatable to the public an epic narrative of history are the only ingredients that the public cannot stomach.

A better picture than "America" is "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," in many respects the most appealing and impressive motion picture that has ever been made. It begins with the birth of Lincoln and ends with his death; and it exhibits, in coherent continuity, nearly all of the most important moments of his great career. A great task has been, in the main, accomplished with remarkable success. The public may lightly glance at and forget a thousand young heroes of a thousand tales of popular fiction; but the same public cannot ever forget the homely, grave and humorous, kindly, ugly, sweet, and tragic face of that noble man of sorrows who embodied the spirit of America as utterly as that other Man of Sorrows embodies the spirit of God. "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" will not fail to make money throughout the country; and it will be ex-

hibited successfully many years from now, when all but one or two of the popular successes of the current season have been relegated to oblivion.

After seeing such pictures as "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Covered Wagon," and "America," and the "Chronicles" series, only an exceedingly obtuse and stupid person could willingly return to a repetition of those pictures which analyze the efforts of the rich and vicious banker to seduce the poor but virtuous stenographer.

It is a physical fact that a bad picture and a good picture cannot occupy the same screen at the same time; and the growing popularity of historical films may therefore be accepted as a salutary augury for the future of the motion picture industry. The shelves of our public libraries are not exclusively filled with fiction, with a preponderance of the dime novel variety; whole departments are devoted to history, to biography, and to other edifying forms of narrative. And there is no necessary reason why our motion picture theaters should be devoted almost exclusively to the vulgarest variety of fiction, when authentic history and authentic biography would, in many instances, be provocative of a more enthusiastic response from a public which, seeking imaginative speculation, will not remain satisfied forever with any emotions except the greatest that art is capable of calling forth.

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Your magazine is wonderful.—Judge Bayard H. Paine, Grand Island, Neb.

Worth its weight in gold.—C. C. Poling, 435 Center Street, Salem, Ore.

The Digest is a treasure-house of good things.—C. F. Swander, 1585 Hawthorne Ave., Portland, Ore.

My most interesting magazine.—R. C. Ten Broeck, Red Lodge, Mont.

The finest periodical that comes to my desk.—T. A. Williams, 46 Summit Ave., Phillipsburg, N. J.

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# How Many Votes Have You?

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (Nov. '24)

*William Allen White*

**F**OR \$50 a year the average family ought to be able to buy half a dozen powerful votes in government, each vote ten times as powerful as the vote guaranteed by the Constitution. Father may pay his dues to his trade association whether he be doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, beggar man, or tax-dodger. Mother may join and support her national federation of clubs or the League of Women Voters. The two may contribute to the Anti-Saloon League or to its militant opponent. They may keep up their church dues, and the power of the church is irresistible in American politics when it is manifest. Brother may join the Boy Scouts; Sister the Camp Fire Girls, the Y. W., or both. These, of course, are but few of hundreds of organizations functioning in politics to re-make the world, according to the aspirations of the people.

The fiction of one vote for one person still is maintained in high-school classes in civil government; but those who touch practical politics know that men and women now may have as many votes in government as they have interests for which they are willing to sacrifice time and thought and money. If the citizen feels that the foreign-born are becoming too powerful in his town, his state, or his nation, he joins the Ku Klux Klan. If he feels that the foreign-born are oppressed he joins the Knights of Columbus or some Hebrew association or racial society. Does he want the hours of service, the wages, and the working conditions of himself or his young children, improved, he finds three or four national organizations, splendid-

ly equipped with fast-talking young men and young women at every capital, who go out across the land, making his own sentiment public sentiment, and forging public sentiment into law.

A few hours' time, a few dollars in money, and a little thought devoted to the purpose in his heart show the average citizen a way to thrust that purpose with terrific force into the agencies of government, under splendidly organized minorities.

It is time that every citizen should learn that real government in America has passed into the control of minority groups. Politicians bewail this control, but they cannot stop it. The chairman of the League of Women Voters, for example, can snap her fingers at the chairmen of both political parties. She is more powerful in Washington than they combined. The presidents of the national farm organizations control a bloc of votes in Congress which neither party chairman, nor the President himself, can move. The president of the National Chamber of Commerce and the president of the American Federation of Labor are more powerful in Congress than the chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, or the chairman of the Committee on Labor, in either house of Congress. The head of the American Legion appears in Washington, waves his hand, Congress jumps into a bell boy's uniform, takes orders, goes down to the White House and insults the President. Party leaders, party chairmen, elder statesmen, stand around watching the spectacle, aghast but helpless.

There was a time when party and



party managers controlled public policy. They do not control it now. One may as well be frank and declare that party platforms mean precious little. Parties have become servants. The personnel of party organization no longer gives orders. Party managers are public servants in effect, standing in livery before the doors of the great organizations of propaganda, waiting for orders.

This year at the conventions of the major parties came all the representatives of the great minority groups. They were received by the Platform Committee, and spent days and nights arguing for and against various causes. These managers of leagues, associations, clans, and societies sometimes are powerful enough to go over the heads of the party committeemen writing platforms, and to take their propaganda to the floor of the convention. This happened in New York when the League of Nations issue and the Ku Klux Klan issue were debated and voted upon by the convention.

The American Federation of Labor, the Anti-Saloon League, the National Chamber of Commerce, the American Publishers' Association, the League of Women Voters, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the Federation of Churches, the Ku Klux Klan, certain national Catholic societies, are but a few of the vast social forces in America which watch legislation, send their lobbyists to the great party conventions with prepared planks for adoption, and direct the forces of American life as surely as do the three branches of our government.

The American capacity for organization, in which we excel the world, has built up this great system of invisible government, in which Wall Street participates no more effectively than the retailer in the little store on Main Street. Indeed during the year 1924 Wall Street, which went to Congress to secure an income tax bill to its liking, was publicly and shamefully defeated by Main Street.

The Congress of the United States, and the state legislatures, are used as Olympic bowls for these great contests between the powers of invisible governments. And the legally constituted members of governments are kicked around, trampled upon, and sometimes thrown carelessly into the discard by the great illegal forces that stage the combat.

If the citizen wishes to participate in government, and influence it for what he regards as good, only one course is open to him: he must find his fellows who think as he thinks, join them, and play the game of real politics, as the rules are laid down by practice over a century old. If he is content with one vote at the ballot box, he is a poor citizen.

It is all right to decry proudly the invisible government. But it is the real government. The ruling classes are those who use their craft societies, medical associations, women's leagues, farm bureaus, labor unions, bankers' associations, and the like to influence government. The fiction that one person has just one vote is a myth as old-fashioned and as untrue as the one about the doctor bringing the baby in a black bag.

That is why the average citizen need not be discouraged if he loses caste in his party. He has a score of other doors which will open to his hand if he is in earnest about the vision within his heart. He may find all over America thousands and hundreds of thousands of like-minded citizens with whom he may cooperate powerfully to attain his end.

The citizen's business is, of course, politics. Obviously it should be party politics of some kind, but if he fails to make his point in his party, he may go with his ideal to any of the other agencies of politics that are open and inviting him. The bad citizen, the slacker American, is he who, standing dazed and impotent before his job, turns away idly to his business and refuses to do his part in the public affairs of the country.

# Paderewski the Lion-Hearted

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (Nov. '24)

*Sigismund Ivanowski*

**M**Y admiration for Ignace Jan Paderewski was so great that for many years it kept me from wanting to meet him. Whenever possible, I heard him play. Each time, I appreciated anew that he was an artist who approached his art with a perfect simplicity, dignity and reverence. He had none of the mannerisms or eccentricities of appearance that mar the performances of some pianists. His tall, lean figure, his leonine face, the heavy shock of golden hair made a superb picture even before he started playing. His grace and nobility of movement added visual delight to his music. . . . I had met other great men and sooner or later, experience had taught me, flaws were revealed that destroyed preconceived ideals of their characters. My impression of Paderewski was too precious to risk its destruction by personal contact.

Then it came about that I met him, and for five years was his aide and intimate. The idealistic impression I had had of him was not destroyed by this association. Instead, it was broadened to encompass all that the man did. I saw him bring to all the affairs of those five years the same dignity, power, genius he displays on the concert platform.

When Paderewski spoke in America in behalf of Poland, just after America had declared war on Germany, he proved himself a statesman of such vision that he could foresee matters beyond the dreams of the average man. Germany had promised to revive a Polish kingdom if she won the war. This would include only a portion of the old Polish state, but majority opinion favored it as better than nothing. Paderew-

ski was laughed at when he began to preach a united state with its ancient territorial boundaries and started his campaign to raise an extra-territorial army to fight for that end. His eloquence and statecraft won, stifling mockery and rekindling patriotism. More than 100,000 Poles from America and elsewhere took their places on the fighting line in France. Poles in Austrian and German service deserted, whenever possible, to join the new army.

He is an artist in all that he does. His oratory is as inspiring as his playing. I heard that great address in which he outlined his program as premier to the newly elected Polish Diet. On the left side of the chamber were the radical groups that were bitterly hostile to him. They were determined to howl him down. Disorder would have been extremely damaging to the reputation of the new premier. He stood a minute, arms folded, his splendid head thrown back, gathering his thoughts. His attitude was that of one proudly accepting challenge, and I saw in his face the spirit of the conqueror.

He began to speak, quietly but with a voice that reached to the farthest corner of the room, firm, resonant, with a ground swell of tremendous reserve power. There was neither placation nor doubt in it, only the clear ring of absolute confidence. The Left evidently was surprised. They forebore to heckle at the beginning, and the power of his words and the magic of his voice gripped them. He used his voice as he uses the piano, with the surety, grace and dramatic power of a great artist. He led his audience on from one climax to another. The Left was

scornful no longer. These radicals who had come to confuse him sat forward on their chairs, tense and awed. When he finished speaking, a mighty roar answered him. "Paderewski! Paderewski!" the chamber bellowed. Every man was on his feet, shouting for him.

Shortly after his return to Warsaw, following the Armistice, the radical elements determined upon a demonstration in front of the Hotel Bristol, where he lived. They came surging one morning into the square in which the hotel stands, singing revolutionary hymns, bearing banners blazoned with radical slogans. They packed the square chanting "Bread! Bread!" until one might have walked across it on the heads of the crowd.

The envoys of the Allies had recently arrived in Warsaw. A riot against Paderewski would have been tremendously damaging to the future of the young state. An automobile was waiting before the hotel to carry the premier to the Diet, where he was to deliver an address. There was no question that the crowd intended to mob him.

"I shall go out and talk to them," he said. Persuasion was useless. He appeared in the door of the hotel and, paying no heed to the great roar that arose, plunged into the crowd. Men and women screamed execrations.

When he had forced his way for some distance, he halted and began to speak. Those nearest him grew quiet and listened. Gradually the hooting and bellowing ceased and silence swept over the square, as ripples spread from a stone dropped into a pool. A few minutes after he began, these thousands of radicals, who had been screaming threats against him, were listening to the marvelous voice that thundered so the whole square heard.

When he ended they yelled again, but the tone and the words were different. They were cheering him. Hats were flung into the air. Men and women rushed to kneel and kiss

his coat hem. "Paderewski! Vivat Paderewski!" the erstwhile rioters clamored. They opened a lane for him as he climbed into his car, and he rode to the Diet through the frantically cheering thousands who had planned to discredit him in the eyes of the world.

There is strength of muscle in him as well as stoutness of heart. After he became premier it was arranged that a delegation of radicals might see Paderewski if they would appear at the foreign office on a certain day. They came, a group of sneering, noisy louts, big men with expressions of swaggering defiance. The grave dignity of the premier when he entered awed them for a moment, but before the interview was well under way, one of the delegates, a burly individual, turned his back upon the premier and began to talk to his neighbor in an offensively loud voice.

Paderewski sprang like a lion. He went through the group of delegates like a cavalry charge, gripped the talker by the collar and spun him around so fiercely that the offender almost fell.

"How dare you," Paderewski thundered, his blue eyes dark with wrath, "how dare you turn your back upon the premier of the Republic of Poland!"

The offender bleated an apology. The rest of the delegates looked on in awe. The conference proceeded from then on as Paderewski wished.

Paderewski is a man of astounding gifts. Perhaps his most outstanding characteristics are his dignity and his confidence. He wins men's hearts. He is neither austere nor cold toward those he knows well. He can be a child with children and a distinct addition to a group of merry-makers.

His confidence is absolute. Be it plano or recalcitrant Diet that he approaches, he never questions for an instant whether he will conquer. I was his associate for five years. I never saw this confidence misplaced.

# The Greatest Word

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Nov. '24)

Edward W. Bok

**T**HERE is one word which, functioning in its fullest sense, would set at rest the world's problems, and it is because of its tremendously vital import to the needs of the present that it becomes the greatest word in the English language.

It isn't Love. It isn't Brotherhood. It isn't Friendship. It is a word that embodies the spirit and the meaning of all three words.

The word is: Service. Not the service that serves self, for that accomplishes naught. But service in the true meaning of the word—the service that labors for the interest of others. Then we give the greatest, highest, and most directly profitable service to ourselves.

Idealistic? Not at all. On the contrary, distinctly realistic. Take a man in the humblest position, let him fill the needs of that position with an eye on the clock and to his wage, and how far does he go? But let him serve that position with an idea single to what can be done with that position and for his employer, and, almost from the moment that he begins such service, his head rises above those of his fellow men. It is always the employee who works for his employer rather than for himself who becomes in the end the employer himself. Service pays in actual dollars and cents. It is the most profitable word in the language, as well as the greatest.

The greater the influence of the man who serves, the greater the extent of service. But as one goes up the scale, the task of serving others becomes fraught with that marvelous experience which is born of despondency and discouragement. Washington served, and in a moment of discouragement said he

would rather be in his grave than endure further the vilification that came to him. Lincoln was the embodiment of service—service to a cause, service to a people. No darker days ever came to a man than those which came to him. Villified and heaped with calumny, he served his country and his God. So it was with Theodore Roosevelt. Glorified is he now, and by the same tongues which once slandered him, but in his service he was the storm-center of abuse.

Service seems thankless, yet nothing in the lives of men is so fruitful of the largest returns to the giver. But the server of the public must not expect, save in rare instances, to see the full fruit of his service. He serves one generation to benefit the next. The greater the service the longer the necessary time for the extent of the service to be realized.

Take the moulder of public opinion in the realm of writing. A true conception of service could revolutionize our newspaper press if the idea rested deeply in the minds of those who shape public opinion. The same is true of the orator, of the preacher, of the artist, of the musician, of the business man, of everybody; a true conception of service implanted in the hearts and minds of these moulders of public opinion would make of this a different world. There are such, of course, who serve. But not enough. There is no people of whom the ideal of service could so easily be made generally true as of the American people. No writer ever saw this more clearly than did Viscount Bryce when, in his "American Commonwealth," he declared that the Amer-



ican people were the most idealistic in the world.

The great pity is that a wider expression of this idealism does not translate itself into concrete service. It is true that we see more and more of it all the time. But we need its life quickened.

It is an acid test that a man faces when he reaches the cross roads—and every successful man does. His conscience must then decide whether, having got the share to which he is entitled, he will devote the rest of his life to the service of others. But it is the acid test that proves men. Cyrus W. Field proved it when at 34 he retired from money-making and laid the Atlantic cable. Herbert Hoover signally proved it in the present generation when at 40 he retired from active business and devoted himself to those works of public service which will count him among the greatest Americans of his day.

It has been my lot to know a number of "big business" men—men who allowed themselves to become so immersed in money-making as to have practically no time to live. But I have yet to meet one who was ready to concede that the feverish, unrelenting chase after wealth and power was worth the sacrifice. On the contrary, in every case the opposite opinion was expressed. "The trouble is," said one of the best-known of the money-kings, "once you get going it is difficult to stop. You haven't time for the real things of life, for the things that really count. And the worst of it is you do not realize it until it is too late. There is no doubt that a man obsessed with the idea of material success sells his birthright for a mess of pottage."

How true is the proverb: "With all thy getting, get understanding."

A man must also store mentally. The trouble with the average business man is that he gives all his waking hours to his business and its problems. He lets no outside breez-

es blow over him. He has no time with his family; no time to interest himself in the business of citizenship. He knows only one thing—business. What is the result? When the time comes when he might retire he cannot do it because he has built up for himself no outside interests. He has no inner resources.

A man's first duty is to be a good provider for his family. But then he reaches the crossroads. One leads on along the same way he has come—more dollars, more power. He becomes a slave to business, and a bore to himself. And what good has he done? His family can eat only so much, and wear just so many clothes. What has he done for others? Given checks? What good does that do a man?

It is the other road which leads to the fuller life. It is the road that leads to service; that recognizes that a man is his brother's keeper; that he has obligations to his friends, his community, and his country; that life is not all self; that giving does not mean the mere giving of money. He must give of himself. That takes thought; it takes time; it calls for freedom of movement.

Certainly the opportunities are there. Never was there a time when so many chances for service beckoned to a man to go out and do something for his fellow men. It matters little what such a man does so long as he does, and serves. For 50 years or more a man has practically said, "All for one." Is he now ready to say: "One for all," and take into his heart and carry out in his life the spirit of the greatest word in the English language?

Man can create immortality in his works. And the only immortal things, as Dr. Drummond says, are these: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love." And in man's work in the world, love translates itself concretely in service. To serve others is to live forever.



# An Empire Builder

Condensed from Success Magazine (Nov. '24)

Travers D. Carman

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*"Andrew W. Preston has graduated from the 'University of Experience, Achievement, and Service,' as he predicted. Success had gone to press with this sincere tribute which we have long planned to present to our readers when the solemn news of this outstanding American's sudden death came to us. He passed away among his flowers at Swampscott on September 26th."—Editor of Success.*

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**T**HE greatest farmer in the world—builder of an empire—admiral of a fleet of 73 modern vessels—conqueror of the jungle—that is the record of Andrew W. Preston, one of the great civilizing forces of the 20th century.

President Harding said of Mr. Preston's life work in terms of the service that his vast organization renders:

"I have just returned from a trip to the tropics on a United Fruit steamer and have seen the vast area of hitherto unproductive lands turned into a field of fruit to be conveyed from the tropics under refrigeration to all markets of the United States.

"I am doing something seldom done by a public man in mentioning a specific company, but I believe in big business and I do not care how much money is earned by individuals or corporations, as long as it is earned righteously.

"The United Fruit Company is an example of *creative business*, and I would like to see a hundred such companies engaged in other lines of business."

Mr. Preston was born 78 years ago in Beverly Farms. In his boyhood he received only the education avail-

able at the district school. He says death alone will graduate him from the University of Experience, Achievement and Service.

The spell of romance of the outside world led him to Boston as a mere youth, where he found employment in a produce commission house. Here he saw stately cutter ships enter the harbor under glistening white sail and unload at the dock their cargoes of strange fruits, coffee and spices from the tropics. He looked out across the waters and visioned distant tropical lands which had produced such marvelous food-stuffs. He sensed the magic opportunity that awaits the pioneer.

His romantic adventure really begins one day back in 1870, when a Cape Cod Schooner arrived from Jamaica with the first bunch of bananas ever known to enter the port. Preston conceived the idea that was soon to give definite promise of the big enterprise to which he has devoted his life.

He became a fruit merchant in Boston in 1884—and after untiring effort persuaded nine of his friends to join with him in investing \$2,000 apiece in an association which hoped to raise bananas in the American tropics and bring them to Boston. The venture was a success from the start.

The growth of the banana in popularity is amazing. In the past year 22,436,658 bunches of bananas were imported into this country. Today, the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet consists of 73 modern vessels, nearly all of which are oil burners, and maintain twice-a-week sailings, from New York and Philadelphia, to the ports of the magic Caribbean.

In the past ten years the White Fleet has carried half a million passengers and fifteen million tons of freight. In Mr. Preston's office may be seen a list of 41 of his ships that served the Allies during the World War—and opposite the names of ten of them are to be found the Gold Star that indicates that they went down bravely fighting.

The United Fruit Company owns and operates more territory than many a king. It is one of the biggest factors in transportation in the world. Sixty-seven thousand employees are enlisted under its flag. The company operates 1,450 miles of railways, maintains churches, schools, laundries, ice plants, and has transformed sink holes of tropical indifference into sanitary and healthful areas.

The company takes much pride in its conquest of tropical diseases. In the nine big hospitals of the United Fruit Company in Cuba, Jamaica, Columbia, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras and Panama, American doctors last year treated 250,000 cases, while many sanitary experts on the outside labored to clean up conditions.

Indeed, the company's fight against disease is one of the great outstanding achievements of the 20th century. It has organized the scientists to rid the tropics of diseases which slay white men. It brought the most noted doctors into the International Conference to eliminate the last of age-old scourges through medical science. It is doubtful whether a more distinguished group of medical scientists had ever before assembled under one roof. These medical scientists report that the diseases which have taken toll of millions of lives are almost under control. This means that a belt of

rich land, extending many miles on either side of the equator, admirably suited to cultivation and capable of producing food for millions is being cleaned up and made habitable for the white races.

It is not generally known that the United Fruit Company is the largest self-contained sugar enterprise in the world. It owns 90,000 acres of growing cane in Cuba, crushes it in its own mills, carries the sugar to the sea over its own railway, brings it to this country in its own ships and refines and packs it in its own plant, the Revere Sugar Refinery in Charlestown.

Ships of the fleet serve Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston. The fruit brought to this country is handled through the Fruit Dispatch Company, a subsidiary company, with 49 branches in the United States and Canada.

In addition to its manifold activities, the company owns and operates two of the modern hotels in the tropics, The Tichfield and The Myrtle-Bank, both on the island of Jamaica, visited every year by thousands of tourists from the North.

President Woodrow Wilson once said:

"I am not jealous of the size of any business. I am not jealous of any progress or growth no matter how large the result, provided the result was indeed obtained by the processes of wholesome development which are the processes of efficiency, of economy, of intelligence and of invention."

This famous utterance might well be dedicated to Andrew W. Preston, and to the movement he has created by his dauntless energy and pioneer effort that will operate long years after he has departed in a growing increase of service to the world.

#### A SPLENDID CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THOSE LIVING ABROAD

I must say that I enjoy immensely The Reader's Digest. It is as it were an oasis for the mind in this foreign land.—Philip J. May, 102 Boulevard Arago, Paris, France.

# How Can I Help My Boy Get Started?

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (Nov. '24)

Bruce Barton

A FEW fortunate boys have talents that mark them unmistakably for a definite line of endeavor: they know almost from infancy that they will be doctors, or architects, or soldiers, or store-keepers. But the average boy who steps out alone into the world which college football team. I was president edly is hungry for educated men, is shocked to find no one whose appetite seems to be calling for him.

It's a baffling problem for parents. They have no precedents—no guide books. Where shall we go for help in the critical matter of getting boys launched into life? We assume comfortably that the schools will somehow do the business, but they do not. Modern education, as my friend William Hard once remarked, is like a spring-board. The longer it is, the farther it takes a boy out over the lake of life, but without bringing him any nearer the surface. The final plunge is just as hard as though he had jumped off the dock.

If we could talk intimately with living men who are counted successful, most of them would confess that they went through a period of discouragement in the transition from school to life. One such man confided to me: "I played on the college football team. I was president of the Senior class, and when the members of the class cast their ballots at Commencement time I was voted the man 'most likely to succeed in life.' How well I remember the ironical feeling which that announcement inspired! That night I walked up the campus alone. I had not shed tears since babyhood, but, walking under those trees all alone, facing an apparently useless future, I am

not ashamed to tell you that the tears ran down my cheeks."

This man had been a leader in the undergraduate life of the college, but the dive off the spring-board unnerved him. For a year his business life was a misery; only gradually did he begin to develop that faith in himself which, with tireless work, has carried him up.

If such men suffer agony in the search for their place in the world, ought we not to expect that average boys will find this transitional period one of very great trial? Ought we not to look forward, both in the schools and the home, and make more definite preparation? Speaking generally, much needless suffering might be avoided if all of us parents would keep in mind these five rather simple ideas:

1. First, we ought to remember the acute specialization of modern business life. The boy of 50 years ago grew up on a farm. He was the companion of his father throughout the formative years, walking beside him in the furrow, planting and hoeing with him—his work a vital part of his education.

Today two-thirds of American families live in cities and towns. There is little or no regular work for the boys to do. The boy gets almost no taste of real work until his education is over. This is a loss. In justice to our boys we should begin early to contrive some hard work, some contact with practical life that will tend to make them feel at home in the world where they must fight for their living.

2. With this change in modern life, and the necessity for intense concentration on our own affairs, we

have assumed that the schools would supply everything needful. We have gone in wholesale for college education. But why was a college education so great an asset a generation ago? Partly because of what the college gave, but largely because of the struggle which boys had to make to get to college and stay there. They were not sent; they went. And most of them had to do every kind of honest work in order to complete the course.

Today, from their birth until they are 21 or 22 the path is marked out for them, and all rough places in it are made smooth. Every business man knows the results from his own experience. Every fall our offices are deluged with well-dressed young men who come with the vaguest idea as to what life is all about.

3. If what I have said is sound, then the vacation periods of high school and college can and ought to be an exceedingly useful part of the preparation for life. My most valuable courses in college were the weeks of house-to-house canvassing in the summer. I had to make sales or I did not eat. This was real. . . . A friend of mine told me the program which he mapped out for his boys and which—judged by their subsequent progress—seems to have proved its wisdom, although it may not be practicable in every case. The summer following their Freshman year he set them to work, either in an office or selling goods on the road. The second summer he got them jobs on a newspaper, "in order that they might see all phases of life," as he said. The third summer they worked in Washington, where they could have some conception of the way their government is run. The last summer he let them go to Europe, working a part of their way and traveling inexpensively.

4. Almost every human life has its period of revolt. Youth sets out to overturn and reconstruct. He is impatient of all guidance, contemptuous of all restraint. And his par-

ents stand by bewildered, wondering how such a fire-brand could have been produced out of the law-abiding atmosphere of their quiet home. But Time attends to him. In ten years he is one of the conservatives like the rest of us. But his period of revolt has not been without its advantages. Our customs are called into question and forced to defend themselves. The habits and practices which we have come placidly to accept are tested by the fire of a fierce impatience. . . . Much sorrow would be saved if we could remember how essential to progress it is that Youth should revolt.

5. Finally, more boys ought to be encouraged to consider a business of their own as their ultimate goal. We are the descendants of self-restraint ancestors. To be one's own boss at the first possible opportunity was the old-time American ideal.

Most well-bred college boys come out of school with no idea except to get a respectable white-collar position. The sons of our immigrants, having no "opportunities" and no "standards" plan differently. They will shine shoes or sell papers just long enough to purchase a shoe-shining stand or a paper route, and with that small beginning they are on their way to independence.

This does not imply that every lad ought to be at the head of his own enterprise. Rather, I would suggest this—that in all educational experience there is nothing which quite takes the place of a sense of personal responsibility, and that sense is never so keen as when profit and loss are involved. So at some time in their upbringing I would have boys engage in business where they would have the whole burden. It might be a minute business—a refreshment booth by the roadside, or a contract for laying a cement walk, or anything you choose. The maturing experience of matching wits with competition, and climbing alone, with no parental mattress underneath in case of a fall.

# A Heritage of Taste

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (Nov. '24)

*Walter Prichard Eaton*

**N**EARLY every other American town, once rich in 18th or early 19th Century architecture, has been injured by the intermingling of later buildings, but by a curious set of economic chances, old Nantucket has almost entirely escaped, and remains today architecturally much as it was when the crest of the whaling prosperity enabled the islanders to build it more than a century ago. It is as near a perfect record of what our Yankee forefathers considered a seemly town, what they regarded as desirable in their dwellings, as can be found.

Just outside the old town, a new town has sprung up, a town of Summer cottages. Cheek by jowl, the new and old may be seen and compared. And the work of our forefathers emerges quietly triumphant. Indeed, its victory is so complete that I, for one, felt a kind of shame as I wandered over the island.

For be it noted—and here is the paradox—old Nantucket was built by the Puritans, by a God-fearing, hard-working, close-fisted and none too literate people, who knew a vast deal more about whales than they did about art, who read their Bibles and little else. Yet, when they built a town, they achieved an artistic unity of effect unknown today, they wrought every detail not only fittingly but beautifully. Then came the sophisticated moderns, laughing at the Puritans, scorning the Puritan attitude toward art, blaming on the Puritans, in fact, most of the crudity of American artistic expression—and the best these moderns could do were hideous casinos, sprawling cottages with verandas stuck all over them helter-skelter, houses with broken and meaningless roof lines, windows

badly spaced and without style, ornamentation without dignity, gingerbread trimmings, and nothing, anywhere, that had repose, unity, beauty of outline or detail, or even adaptability to its site. The Nantucket Puritans, knowing nothing about art, created it. The moderns, who must know a lot about art since they talk about it so much, created something which is its utter negation.

In an old history of the island I found an illuminating sentence. The early settlers "encouraged the immigration of mechanics and other artists." An artist, in those days, was a mechanic who made necessary and useful things, and expressed himself by making them strong and fine and seemly. Go to the oldest house on the island, built in 1686, and examine the wrought-iron hardware, such as the shutter hinges. These strap hinges have a certain sturdy grace and individuality which is captivating. The houses were built by "mechanics and other artists," built to endure, and built beautifully. These artist-mechanics also built, no doubt, the whaling ships which were sent around the Seven Seas. Trust a seafaring folk to know beautiful lines in a ship when they behold them! The men who built our wooden ships a century ago were perhaps the best carpenters we have ever produced. In the appreciative seaport towns, they worked with similar skill on dwellings and public buildings, with unfailing resourcefulness in meeting individual problems of construction and detail, and an unfailing sense of balance and proportion.

I stayed, on the island, in an old house dating from before the Revolutionary War. It looked deceptive-



ly small from the street, so well did its simple lines merge into the general scheme of the neighborhood. The panels over the fireplaces were 24 inches wide, and so well had they been joined, and so firm were the foundations of the house, that not a crack or seam showed after almost two centuries. The house suggested quiet comfort, ease, a sense of beauty without ostentation. The turned brass andirons, the brass topped shovel and tongs to match, the gaily painted bellows, the gay picture of a clipper ship under full sail on the wall, the chairs, each one a shapely and charming object in itself, were not "collected" for this house. They had always been there. The house was practically unchanged. It was created by people who had taste, who wanted a ship to look shipshape and a house to look home-ly, and all the objects of daily use to please the eye.

The Puritans of Nantucket left behind no poems and plays, but to say that they left behind no art is ridiculous. They left behind an entire town which is a work of art, in its way as charming, and as nearly perfect, as anything in the Old World, and utterly different from anything in the Old World—a unique expression. They were able to do this because, to them, art was expressed through the crafts, and every man who used a tool (which meant almost every man) was an artist. If we today can write better poems than they wrote, what is the gain if we build hideous houses to write them in, and surround ourselves, while we babble about art, with objects of horrendous shape? To say the Puritans repressed the creative side of man, banished art from life, is to speak falsely. They found their channel of artistic expression in the creation of dwellings, ships, furniture, all the objects of daily use.

Go through a Nantucket house, examining the old furniture and trim, then go through the pages of a Sears-Roebuck catalog devoted to

furniture and woodwork—and weep! The modern man has had no experience in building a house or in making a chair, or in using tools, for that matter. Behind him are three generations for whom everything has been machine-made, and made according to fads and fashions and in the cheapest way. None of his surroundings expresses him, because he has had nothing to do with creating them. Therefore he doesn't comprehend what artistic expression is. But why blame the Puritans? Blame, rather, a century of machine products made for profit only, a century when every man believed he could be a Calvin Coolidge or a J. P. Morgan—and wanted to be, a century when art was looked down upon not because it was wicked but because it was trivial and unworthy of the attention of business men divinely ordained to get on in the world.

Our Puritan civilization did produce art, and a very beautiful, original and enduring art, which we of today are going back to more and more. It was an art based on craftsmanship, the art of making pots and pans, chairs and tables, houses and whole towns, dignified and beautiful, the art of adapting beauty to daily service. That art we have almost entirely lost ourselves, and our plaintive efforts to recover some of it are evidenced by all the House Beautiful magazines, and the craze for collecting antiques.

Certain it is that until the common man knows when his house is beautiful, he will not know when a statue is, and until a false and ugly house hurts him, a false and ugly book will not. Until we can build a modern town as gracious and as beautiful as old Nantucket, we are scarcely in a position either to crow over our aesthetic superiority to the Puritans, or to blame them for all the shortcomings of our art. They left us a heritage of taste which could have been expanded to all branches of artistic creation—and we threw it away.

# The Pan-Pacific Union

Excerpts from the Mid-Pacific Monthly (Nov. '24)

**T**HE Pan-Pacific Union is an organization not in any way an agency of the Government of the United States or of any other Pacific Government, but having their goodwill in bringing about friendly and unofficial gatherings of the leaders from the peoples of Pacific lands in different lines of thought and action that there may grow throughout the Pacific area better understanding with real cooperation for the advancement of the interests of all Pacific Peoples.

The invitations to participate in the Pan-Pacific Conferences are forwarded through Federal or other channels, and Government appropriations are sometimes made to aid these, but the Conferences are held entirely under the auspices of the Union and not under those of any government. An entire freedom of discussion exists that would be difficult to secure at an official conference or at one called in an official manner. Affiliated or working with the Union are Educational and Scientific bodies, Chambers of Commerce and kindred bodies, striving for the advancement of Pacific Communities, and for a greater cooperation among and between the people of all races in Public lands. Its central office is in Honolulu at the ocean crossroads.

The Pan-Pacific Union is incorporated with an International Board of Trustees, representing the different races of the Pacific. The following are the main objects set forth in its charter:

1. To call in conference delegates from all Pacific peoples for the purpose of discussing and furthering the interests common to Pacific nations. (The Pan-Pacific Union called the first Pan-Pacific Scientific Confer-

ence, published its proceedings in three volumes. It called the Pan-Pacific Press Congress, the Pan-Pacific Educational Conference, the Pan-Pacific Commercial Conference and the Pan-Pacific Food Conservation Conference.)

2. To maintain in the chief cities of Pacific lands bureaus of education concerning matters of interest to the people of the Pacific, collecting and distributing knowledge in scientific, commercial and social matters, as well as disseminating to the world information of every kind of progress and opportunity in Pacific lands.

3. To create or assist in locating in the larger cities about the great ocean, Pan-Pacific Commercial Museums, Libraries, Art Galleries, etc., that the peoples of the Pacific may know more of each other's accomplishments, hopes and aspirations.

4. To establish a visual educational circuit of motion films, slides and lectures giving valuable information through the eye, of the countries of the Pacific, the occupations and general life of these peoples, their scientific, commercial and other attainments and progress.

5. To cooperate in creating a Pan-Pacific Research Institute, ever at the services of scientists and research workers of Pacific lands.

6. To bring all nations and peoples about the Pacific Ocean into closer friendly commercial contact. To aid and assist those in all Pacific communities to better understand each other; and to spread about the Pacific the friendly spirit of interracial cooperation.

The Kings, Prime Ministers and Presidents of Pacific countries are the honorary heads of the Pan-Pacific Union. Its vice-presidents the Premiers and Governors of Colonies and

States touching the greatest of oceans. . . .

The parts of the world represented at the Pan-Pacific Food Conservation Conference, held in August, 1924, form a continuous line around the border of the Pacific Ocean. There were Canada, mainland United States, Mexico, Latin America, Australia, New Zealand, Java, the Philippines, Siam, Indo-China, Formosa, China, Japan, Korea, Siberia and Hawaii.

In the delegation from the United States there were four members of the National Academy of Science, including Dr. David Starr Jordan. Australia's delegation was headed by Sir Joseph Carruthers, leader of the upper house of parliament and former premier of New South Wales. New Zealand's delegation was headed by two members of its legislature. Indo-China sent heads of six departments and members of the governor's staff. From Macao came the governor himself. Siam sent the chief advisor of its fisheries. Japan, Formosa and Korea sent some of their ablest scientists.

The conference accomplished much, but its work is to be continued through permanent organization and through work at the Pan-Pacific Scientific Institute. The Institute will become a clearing house of scientific information throughout the Pacific.

The Castle home, one of the largest and most palatial buildings in Hawaii, overlooking Manoa valley, with four acres of land, is being turned over to the incorporators of the Pan-Pacific university as the home of the Pan-Pacific Scientific Research Institute. It can comfortably house from 25 to 40 scientists. Adjoining the home is another very large building that it is proposed to use for laboratory purposes.

Dr. C. L. Marlatt, who is head of the federal horticultural board of Washington, D. C., is one of the most enthusiastic over the prospects of scientific research in Hawaii. The islands already have done much work on plant quarantine and the eradication of plant pests, and he is of

the opinion that much more will be accomplished as the result of the institute.

Dr. B. W. Evermann, who visited the islands in 1901, in company with Dr. David Starr Jordan, to make a survey of fish conditions, believes that Hawaii offers a fine field for the study of the fish of the Pacific and that the research institute will be of great benefit to scientists.

Dr. P. J. S. Cramer, of Java, believes that the problem of rice production is an important one, and that emphasis should be placed on it in research work on food crops. Rice is truly the Pan-Pacific food crop, he says, and if the world's food supply is to be increased in proportion to the growth of population, artificial methods of intensive cultivation must be undertaken. . . .

In every way the first Pan-Pacific Food Conservation Conference was the most successful of the series of Pan-Pacific Conferences yet called. Its continuance and follow-up work will be carried forward by the Pan-Pacific Research Institute and the Pan-Pacific Scientific Council of the Union.

Each of the seven sections of the Food Conservation Conference becomes a permanent committee of the Pan-Pacific Union, with power to call its own particular conference if it so desires.

Mr. A. H. Ford, Director of the Pan-Pacific Union, in addressing the conference at its farewell supper, said: "No conference ever called by the Pan-Pacific Union, has been so successful and so representative as this one. Every country of the Pacific has sent its delegates. The 150 men of many races who have conducted the Conference have become warm personal friends; they have worked as a unit, as, I am told, no men of any such Conference have ever worked before. You have demonstrated that a Pan-Pacific League of Nations is not only possible, it is inevitable."

# Henry Ford's New Job

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (Oct. 18, '24)

*An Interview with Henry Ford, by Samuel Crouther*

**“W**E are moving so fast and the settlement of Muscle Shoals' future seemed so far away that we had to find other means to do the things we could have accomplished at Muscle Shoals,” said Mr. Ford. “A simple affair of business which should have been decided within a week has become a complicated political affair. Productive business cannot wait on politics. Therefore we have withdrawn our bid.

“The Government wasted so much money during the War at Muscle Shoals that, taking its investment as a business proposition, nitrates could be produced only for war purposes because in peace time they would be too expensive to sell to the farmers. Our bid was intended to develop a method by which the public's money could be made productive and eventually returned to the public treasury at a profit, while at the same time we should produce nitrates at a sufficiently low cost to sell them to the farmers at a fraction of what they now have to pay. Also, as I have previously outlined in Collier's, we intended to create a plant which would not only make us independent of Chile for explosives but would give us an independent supply, possibly equal to all the rest of the world put together.

“We had the welfare of the South in mind also, and we have not given that up. Happily Muscle Shoals is not the South's only hope.

“Water power is not always cheap power, especially when, as at Muscle Shoals, there must be auxiliary steam plants to keep up the supply of electricity when the water is low. Muscle Shoals is not an ideal place for a water power plant, and the con-

struction work there would never have been undertaken by private enterprise, but now that so much work has been done, it ought to be carried to completion and made a public asset. Instead it is now only a public liability.

“We have been doing a great many things since we were first asked to bid on Muscle Shoals. We needed coal to make coke out of to use in the blast furnaces at our River Rouge plant and so, from time to time, we have bought coal lands which we expect to reach by the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad. We have now about 160,000 acres of coal lands in Kentucky.

“We find from our experience at the River Rouge that we can generate electrical power in these coal lands to any extent that we may need and at a cheaper rate than we could under our bid at Muscle Shoals. And also we can generate in our own way entirely outside of all political influence or political meddling. That is why we have lost our interest in Muscle Shoals.”

“But why, if all this power was already at hand in the coal fields, did you ever bother with Muscle Shoals at all?” I asked.

“We did not bother with Muscle Shoals,” corrected Mr. Ford. “We were asked by the War Department to salvage a national asset. Besides, when we were first approached we did not have the coal and engines and turbines which we now have.

“The world moves on and we try to move on with it,” continued Mr. Ford. “It is now no longer necessary to burn raw coal. Coal may be distilled and a great many valuable products taken from it. Then,

from what is left over, as much power may be had as from the original coal.

"Water power may be very expensive. If, damming a river happens to be expensive and the flow of the stream so irregular that auxiliary steam plants have to be built, then this half-water, half-coal power may cost a great deal.

"Coal does not cost much at the mines. It is the transporting of coal that costs money. Also it does not pay to burn raw coal in small units, for then you cannot afford to take out the by-products. But if you can use the coal as a raw material at the mine in large quantities, then you can not only get a great number of valuable products but also a vast amount of cheap electrical energy. That will be the basis of our operations in Kentucky.

"We have been experimenting with coal for several years at our River Rouge plant. We do not burn any coal there at all. We distill our coal in by-product ovens, and this gives us enough coke for the blast furnaces with some over to sell to employees; gas, which we pipe to the Rouge and Highland Park plants where it is used in the heat treat processes; an amount of tar which we use for various purposes; ammonium sulphate, which we sell for fertilizer; benzol, which is a fine motor fuel and which we mix with gasoline and sell as a motor fuel; and finally we have a quantity of refined light oil.

"We pipe the low heat value gases from the blast furnaces to the power plant boilers. In a separate power station we consume the sawdust and shavings from the automobile body plant, which are combined with the coke 'braize'—which is the screening from our coke making. We get all the power to run the machinery of this plant without actually using a pound of coal.

"The point is that in our new undertaking in the coal fields we are not going to waste anything.

"We are already in the coal business. For a long time we have been mining coal for our own uses, and for quite a while we have been selling coal. We carry the coal from our own mines to Toledo and from there ship it in our own ships to Duluth. Some of our ships have Diesel engines and I think can make better time than any other freight-carrying ships on the Great Lakes. We shall extend this business because in the past the Northwest has had to pay much more for its coal than it should.

"We have found grades on a railway so expensive in hauling freight that our new extension will be constructed with light grades. With the big modern excavating machinery it is now possible to cut through at such a low cost that heavy grades, at least on our railway, are unnecessary. The railroad will be completely electrified; we are now working on about 25 miles of this electrification. We shall be able to put coal into the Northwest at a minimum cost. The first use of the power from the coal fields will be to run the railway and it will be very cheap power—so cheap that we hope the Interstate Commerce Commission will then permit us materially to reduce our freight rates.

"And we are not going to have any dirty coal-mining tons. There is no reason why a coal mine should be dirty. There is no reason why anything should be dirty. In the first place the dirt of coal mines is valuable; and, in the second place, you cannot expect men to do their best except under clean living conditions.

"Of course, all of this is not going to happen at once. I do not want the people down in that section of the country to expect a boom.

"As for Muscle Shoals, the public must not permit it to be broken up, for through its nitrate production it can be our greatest guarantee for peace on the one hand and for the farmers on the other."



# Austria's Schools Take the Lead

Condensed from Hearst's International (June '24)

Frazier Hunt

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"This article presents the kind of news I am constantly asking our foreign correspondents to send in. All news is welcome if it goes straight to the bottom of the most important situations. The most worth while of all, however, are the things which point the right way ahead.

"A few months ago the Chicago Division of the Illinois State Teachers' Association published some resolutions in which it was said: 'We are convinced that, if the present civilization is to endure, we must recognize the great importance of education for peace rather than for war. . . As there are many peace-time pursuits which develop virile qualities and offer opportunities for bravery, heroism, and self-sacrifice, we believe that the inculcation of peace ideals and the emulation of peace heroes should be placed in their proper relation; therefore, we favor developing such subject matter and content as will exalt the peace worker. . . Furthermore, we assert that the truth should be taught about the causes of war and its terrible consequences, and that texts, the world over, should be designed so as to outlaw war firmly and finally.'"—Norman Hapgood, Editor of Hearst's International.

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**A**USTRIA, broken by war and crushed and almost destroyed by the revenge of peace, is desperately trying to teach her children the awful truths of war and nationalism. Instead of dreaming of some coming war of revenge she is thrilling her children with the dream of universal world understanding.

Poor and desperate as she was in 1919 she ordered her old text-books burned. She decreed that her teachers should teach the glorification of peace rather than of war. She went

straight to the heart of the future—the children of today who will be the citizens and destiny makers of tomorrow. Never again would a generation of children be wiped out by the hollow magic of war. Austria had her lesson—but a lesson that no other country in Europe today has taken to heart.

The children of the new republic are to have no false ideas of the great war, or of other past wars—or of future wars. In September, 1919, Dr. Otto Gloeckel, the Secretary of State for Education, issued a decree to all the teachers of Austria. In part it read as follows:

The history of territories and royal houses, with their wars, hereditary treaties, expansions, etc., is to be replaced by the stories of peoples and their life, comprising other interests than politics and conquests and a "dolled up" glorification of war.

The cultivation of national sentiment should not become a bigoted nationalism; the future demands that the paths be left open for the reconciliation of peoples. To this end there is no better means than the awakening of an understanding of the fact that all civilized peoples economically and spiritually comprise one great working and living community, whose prosperity is dependent upon a sympathetic cooperation among all member peoples.

A few weeks later the far-seeing Minister of Education for the city of Vienna ordered that all the old history and reading text-books—more than 120,000, that for generations had been preaching the infallibility of the royal Hapsburg and the Austrian war makers, should be destroyed. In place of these destroyed reading books new readers were prepared. Several of them were books of essays glorifying the dignity and necessity of honest common labor. Other volumes were made up of se-

lections from the world's masterpieces.

In the matter of the new history text-books to take the place of the old ones that were destroyed, a volume of collected historical essays called *From the Past and Present* formed the new basis of study in some of the classes. Here was an actual repudiation of the action of the Hapsburgs and a violent renunciation of the war. For instance in one of the historical essays the new Chancellor of the Republic of Austria, leading up to the murder of the Archduke, describes the oppression by Hungary, under the Hapsburgs, of the minorities within the Empire, and then continues:

"All the appeals of the other powers (of the Entente) who sought to prevent the declaration of war could not dissuade the ministers of Kaiser Franz-Joseph from carrying out his intention of declaring war. The ministers wanted the war and knew how to obtain the support of Kaiser Franz-Joseph for their sinister plans."

This was written the year following the end of the war, while the people of stricken Austria were paying the bitterest cost of their defeat. The old rulers of Austria were forced to accept their full share of the blame for the war. There was to be no glorification of imperialism. The whole institution of war was to be looked upon as the greatest catastrophe that could befall mankind.

"Poison is poison—whether it comes in a bottle or in a text-book," the principal of one of the Vienna schools told me. "So we decided at the start that we would get rid of as much of our history book poison as we could: we burned the books."

"We are trying our best now to keep the child's mind free from the sort of prejudices that make wars easy and terrible. We are explaining our own share of the blame of this

last war. We don't want our children to hate anyone."

Now perhaps all this doesn't sound so terrific to a prosperous American sitting peacefully in his home 5,000 miles away—but all Central and Eastern Europe was, and still is, a cesspool of fear and jealousies and lies. From the Baltic boundaries of Poland down to the bitter Adriatic the saber still rattles in its shining scabbard. Austria, and particularly the city of Vienna, stands as an oasis in a desert of hopelessness.

In every school in the great city of Vienna one can find things that are thrilling and inspiring. I stepped into a fourth grade room in one of the large public schools. Above the black-board and around the whole room was strung an endless chain of paper painted flags of the new Republic and over the door was a large white cardboard that bore in red paper letters the legend: HOCH DER REPUBLIK!

The labor republic of Austria! The democratic hope of a tired and beaten people.

In an eighth grade history class I heard a woman teacher telling of the Napoleonic wars that followed the French revolution.

"The French looked upon them as wars of defense for their newly won rights and revolutionary ideas," she explained. "For the Austrians the wars were to increase the prestige and power of the Hapsburg dynasty."

And this was in the center of hate-mad Europe. The easiest way would have been to follow the blazed trail of revenge and prejudice and war. To attempt to bring up a generation of school children—the tragic heirs of a broken country—with an understanding and appreciation of the other fellow's side of the case, stands out as a brave and beautiful endeavor.

# How to Save the Hangman

Condensed from *McNaught's Monthly* (Nov. '24)

*William G. Shepherd*

**C**APITAL punishment was abolished as punishment for theft, 200 years ago. It was used at one time as punishment for religious disbelief, and for trapping rabbits on another man's land. And now we see it fading out from human affairs, entirely. Eight of our states have abolished it and in 32 others it is not compulsory. Indeed, we have only eight states in which judges or juries are forced, by law, to impose capital punishment for murder.

All citizens who believe in capital punishment might form an organization to put their beliefs into effect. There are several demands which such a Society might make to prevent capital punishment from disappearing.

One demand might well be that secrecy and privacy surrounding executions be abolished. If we study the decline of capital punishment we shall discover that it has waned in ratio with the increase of privacy.

Another demand ought to be that the names of jurors in capital punishment cases be kept secret. We have come to such a pass in the United States that a citizen who, as a juror, votes to hang a man, becomes a notorious character in his community.

A further demand ought to be that no judge be given the choice between imposing the sentence of death or another form of sentence. Judges are showing signs of possessing all the squeamishness of everyday jurors in this respect. Judges are, after all, human beings, with families, friends, associates.

Another demand ought to be that every member of the Society ought

to be permitted to witness an execution. In this way each member would win his right to speak authoritatively on the question.

It is barely possible, however, that witnessing a hanging might unsettle the opinion of those who believe in capital punishment. That, in truth, was the experience of the writer. On a certain rainy morning in spring, about 13 years ago, in the Cook county jail, in Chicago, I saw four men and a boy hanged. This boy, being drunk with three men, had robbed and killed, a milkman, if my memory serves me right. A fourth man, a negro, was hanged because his thumb print looked like the photograph of the thumb print left at the scene of a robbery where a citizen was murdered. The negro's case was famous because this was said to have been the first hanging based on finger prints alone.

We sat on wooden benches in the hanging-room. The scaffold was before us, like a very high stage. The first pair came around a corner. Isn't it strange that I cannot remember their faces? It was enough that these were living beings and that within a few minutes there would be no life in them. They were men; that was enough. What kind of men didn't matter.

Behind them, up against the wall, was a closed closet, something like a telephone booth. Through its windowed sides we saw electric switches.

A priest stepped up behind the two men as a deputy sheriff put a robe over each man and then tied the robes, with ropes, around their ankles. There they stood like two inverted sacks, with the priest pray-

ing. They followed his prayers. "Oh, Mary! plead for me. Oh, Christ, have mercy on my soul!" Over and over they said these and other short sentences, repeating the words of the priest. It seemed good to have the priest there. The sheriff, behind them, moved toward the little glass closet. He put his hand on the door to open it. But he did not go inside. He moved the door toward him not as much as an inch and before we knew it, both long, slender sacks, twitching, were hanging in the air, on a level with our shoulders, as we sat. There were hospital wagons waiting under the scaffold, and a man dressed in white who, after he had waited patiently for about 200 years for the twitching to cease, put his ear against the sacks and then made a motion for other men to come and cut them down. You don't dare to think of realities in the face of such a thing as that; your mind rebels. We joked. I joked. We had to joke; we had to make ourselves brutal to endure the brutality.

Around the corner came two more men. One of them was the boy. I remember I thought as I saw the boy step onto the trap: "That's the last step he'll ever take." The idea seemed to me a sort of joke. And then I realized that there must have been a first step one day, with a happy woman laughing to see her baby learning to walk.

Something went wrong with the boy. He was too tender for this sort of thing. He began to scream his prayer. I could see by the way the top of the bag was bent back, that his eyes were raised. He was looking up. Up where? His eyes must have been opened, against that black cap. This wasn't a prayer of words with him. He *needed* Mary. He *wanted* Christ! This was too much without some help; without Them. He no longer tried to follow the priest. He screamed rapidly, "Jesus help me! Jesus help me!" He was tugging; the bag was jerk-

ing. I thought of a kitten in a bag about to be drowned. Someone had to hurry; the boy couldn't stand it. He'd do *something* — though God only knew what—in a minute, if he didn't die soon.

The sheriff pulled the door half an inch—and the boy and his comrade became only dead bodies in white bags almost before the priest had finished his prayer.

I suppose I ought to *know* that that hanging did some good, to somebody. But I don't know it. It is estimated that 450 persons have been murdered in Chicago since that screaming boy and those four men were hanged that forenoon 13 years ago.

I could not be a good member of a Society to Prevent the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Seeing a hanging worked in an opposite fashion with me. A Society to Prevent the Parole or Release from Prison of First Degree Murderers—I can join that. I might, indeed, go so far as to join a Society to Hang Politicians who Liberate First Degree Murderers from Prison. It is these politicians who force society to cling to capital punishment; they drive society to murder.

The Governor of Michigan gave me permission, after I had seen the hanging in Chicago, to interview all the first degree murderers in the penitentiaries of his state, where hanging is not practiced. I asked 21 murderers, self-confessed, whether before committing their respective crimes, they had stopped to think of consequences. Every one of them said, simply: "Why, of course not. I never expected to be caught."

That was the most convincing proof of the uselessness of capital punishment—coming from murderers themselves—that I ever received.

Capital punishment is on the way out. There is danger in that fact, I admit. We must see that iron-clad life imprisonment takes its place.

# The Program of the American Legion

Condensed from The Outlook (Nov. 5, '24)

*James A. Drain, National Commander American Legion*

**L**ET me say at the start that the Legion has no justification for existence except through its capacity of service to the country. This is the immovable foundation upon which the Legion is built. Through five years the Legion has gone forward with this creed guiding it. It starts the sixth year still adhering to that creed.

If the day ever dawns when the maimed and sick veterans of the World War are receiving the treatment which is their just due, the American Legion will cease to make that its chief concern. It was at the instance of the Legion that the cumbersome, almost numberless, non-workable bureaus, which fell over each other trying to care for the disabled, were abolished and the United States Veteran's Bureau created. This was historical, for it gave the country one distinct unit on which to place the responsibility if the disabled were not being cared for.

The Veteran's Bureau, under the law, must be held strictly accountable for medical care, rehabilitation, and compensation of this unfortunate class of World War veterans.

The Veteran's Bureau today, while it is functioning more efficiently than ever before and possibly is on a par with other Government agencies, continues to fall short of the Legion's ideal. Until the disabled are receiving the super-service which a grateful people have announced in no uncertain terms they shall receive, the Legion will remain unsatisfied.

Lest there be misunderstanding, I wish to make clear that the Legion—with its own rehabilitation organization of Nation-wide proportions—is ever ready to work with the Bureau

officials to the end that this super-service may be the more quickly realized. Every Legion facility has been placed without restriction at the disposal of the Veteran's Bureau officials.

It is a short step only from the care of the actual casualties of the greatest conflict in history to the care of the innocent humans who were cast high and dry when the tide of war receded. This nation today has 5,000 orphans whose mothers or fathers or both were veterans. The care of the waifs of war is second on our program.

The Legion program of child welfare has one basic principle, namely, that every child is entitled to a home of its own and a mother of its own, either its own mother or an adopted one. It believes and is carrying out the additional principle that the children of one family should be kept together.

To this end the Legion nationally, working, of course, in conjunction with its state departments and local posts, is continually striving to place in good homes those orphans coming to its attention. Where it is at all possible the Legion assists financially and otherwise to keep the child with its own mother in those cases where the father has died, leaving child and mother little or no means of support.

When no home is available, the children are placed in the Legion Child Welfare Billet at Otter Lake, Michigan. This billet is maintained exclusively by our organization. At present it is composed of three large, comfortable buildings equipped with every modern convenience. Another will be built this



year. In no sense can this billet be called other than a home. The children are called each morning, as in a real home. They attend the public schools, return, and have their recreation in their own yard, cared for by housemothers who know and love children.

The Legion last year received a gift of 388 acres of land in Montgomery County, Kansas. This gift and \$100,000 in cash has been accepted by the National organization from the Department of Kansas. The property will be improved and another billet for child welfare established.

To carry out its program of orphan care the Legion intends raising an endowment of such proportions that every parentless child shall until it becomes of age have the care and attention which the Almighty intended it should have.

As part of its Americanism work during the coming year, the Legion will unquestionably fight for the enactment of a law placing at the disposal of the Government in time of war, not only the man power to fight, but the man power to make munitions, the finances, and every other resource needed successfully to carry on a war. This is the so-called Universal Draft Act, which received great attention when it was introduced into the last Congress and which is now before the House Military Committee. The Legion will appear before the country with the convening of the next Congress to urge the passage of this act, on the program that in time of war it is only right that the man in the trench should be placed on an even plane with the man in the shipyard and the man who manufactures the bayonet. War, the Legion believes, is everyone's job.

The Legion stands for a program of sound preparedness. It believes in the National Defense Act and a National Defense Day. It opposes any changes in the former and has pledged itself to take an active part

in the latter.

The Legion as an organization has no interest in politics as they apply to one party or another. Those who hold local, State, or National office in the Legion are prohibited from taking part in political campaigns. They are expected and urged, however, to exercise the right of every citizen and vote. The Legionaire who does not hold office is just as strongly urged to take an active interest in the affairs of his party, work for that party, if he so desires, and assist in getting others to vote.

The advocating or the fighting against all those things which the Legion may be either for or against must come, in the final analysis, from the local Legion post. The organization's strength is these 11,000 units, which, knitted together, make up the Legion as a whole. The Legion knows its program to be one which will help the country. It believes the citizenry is behind it. It wishes their support, and it wishes to give its support to those things which will help the community, State, and Nation. The National and State organizations urge the individual posts to take the lead in all forms of community endeavor where leadership is needed. Where it is wise to join in any movement sponsored by another individual or agency, the post is urged to get behind that movement.

The value of the Legion post to the community was realized at the 1923 National Convention when it was voted to establish a National Community and Civic Betterment Bureau, which would have as its object the arousing of interest in all posts in community endeavor, furnishing plans and helping to carry these plans through, that the Legion may take its place as a community asset. It is the desire of the Legion that the leaders in every community shall look to the post for help when any constructive community project is being considered. They will find the post willing.

# What the Desert Means to Me

Excerpts from *The American Magazine* (Nov. '24)

Zane Grey, Author of "*Riders of the Purple Sage*," "*Wanderer of the Waste Land*," "*The Call of the Canyon*," etc.

PLACES inspire me in some sense as they did Stevenson. I love wild canyons — dry, fragrant, stone-walled, with their gold-tipped ramparts. I love the great pine and the spruce forests, with their spicy tang and dreamy peace, their murmuring streams and wild creatures.

The Grand Canyon appalled and depressed, yet exalted me. The lonely, white, winding shore line of Long Key, a coral islet in Florida, always inspired me to write. Clemente Island in the Pacific calls and calls me to come back again to its bleak black bluffs, its white-wreathed rocks and crawling curves of surf; its haunting sound of the restless and eternal sea; its lofty crags where the eagles nest, and its almost inaccessible ledges where wild goats sleep; its canyons of silence and loneliness.

Death Valley is a place to face one's soul—aloof, terrible, desolate, the naked iron-riven earth showing its travail. The sage slopes of the Painted Desert is the place for the purple that is most beautiful of colors. Among features of nature I love color best.

The desert, of course, has been the most compelling and most illuminating to me. The lure of the silent waste places of the earth, how inexplicable and tremendous! How infinite the fascination of death and desolation—the secret of the desert!

It took me many years of experience and meditation to make sure that I was not laboring under imagination or delusion. But I was not obsessed by a feeling for some unknown thing, for the desert is a reality. It casts an actual spell.

Nothing in civilized life can cast the spell of enchantment, can grip men's souls and terrify women's hearts like the desert.

Study of myself, in relation to the wilderness, disclosed many strange facts that took years to understand. I preferred to ride, walk, hunt, alone, when that was possible. The lonely places seemed to be mine, and I was jealous of them. Always I was watching and listening.

On trips to the desert, of which I have made many, there was always an hour or a moment of every day or evening when I went alone to some ridge or hill, or into the cedars or sage, there to listen and to watch. This seemed to me to be a communion with the strange affinity of the desert.

Why did a vague happiness attend me in the solitude? It became an imperative thing for me to find out what took place in my mind during these idle, dreaming hours. The mystery augmented with the discovery that at such moments I did nothing but gaze over the desolate desert, over the beautiful purple-sage uplands, listening to the wind in the cedars, the rustling sand along the rock, the scream of an eagle or cry of a lonely bird. I hardly knew I was there.

This peculiar state at last became known to me, and I grew to have a strange and fleeting power to exercise it voluntarily. Practice made it possible for me to make this a thinking act, to capture it as in a flash of lightning.

At Catalina Island for several years during May and June I used to climb the mountain trail that

overlooks the Pacific, and here a thousand times I shut my eyes and gave myself over to sensorial perceptions. When I grasped the thing, always I felt it followed by a swift, vague joy.

Then I knew I had found the secret of the idle hours. Profound thought reduced this state to a mere listening, watching, feeling, smelling of the open.

During these lonely hours I was mostly a civilized man, but the fleeting trances belonged to the savage past. I was a savage. I could bring back for a brief instant the sensory state of the progenitors of the human race. In every man and woman there survives the red blood of our ancestors, the primitive instincts. In these hides the secret of the eloquent and tremendous influence of the desert. The wide, open spaces, the lonely hills, the desolate, rocky wastes, the shifting sands and painted steppes, the stark-naked canyons—all these places of the desert with their loneliness and silence and solitude awake the instincts of the primitive age of man. Men love the forbidding and desolate desert because of the ineradicable and unconscious wildness of savage nature in them. Nature is the mother of every man.

Something of the wild and primitive should forever remain instinctive in the human race. All the joy of the senses lives in this law. The sweetness of the childhood of the race comes back in this thoughtless watching and listening. Perhaps the spirit of this marvelous nature is in Reality God.

I always take voluminous notes on my outdoor trips. I select a few at random:

It was sunset when I first saw the Canyon this year. The old, familiar, stupendous chasm! The wind blew cold through the pinons on the rim. There was a sweet tang of sage and cedar on the air, and that indefinable fragrance peculiar to the Canyon. I walked a while looking at the birds, the precipitous slopes, the dwarf

spruces, and the weathered old cliffs. Canyon of purple shadows! It will forever be inexplicable to all save scientists. To the dreamer and the idealist the Canyon has a soul. It is the epitome of sublimity, beauty, color. It proves the destructive force of ages, but it breathes of the inscrutable spirit of nature, the unseen power, the Creator.

#### ROCHESTER'S COVE, Catalina Island.

A canyon runs down to the sea, and its rugged bluffs half encircle a calm cove with a crescent beach, sandy and pebbly.

The place seems sleepy and sweet and lonely. The surf roar is low, and drawls as it drags the pebbles back. There is a summer breeze that is laden with fragrant smells of sage and wild oats, as dry as straw. Birds make melody—raven, crow, song sparrow, linnnet, wild canaries, mocking birds, and others I cannot name.

Up the mountain slopes, cactus and sage and holly make a colorful background. Away up the canyon the sky is hazy and the sun obscured.

It is an environment that means enchantment to me. Sea and mountain! Breeze and roar of surf! Music of birds! Solitude and tranquility! A place for rest, dream, peace, sleep. I could write here and be at peace. How soft the rounded foothills with their low green shrubs and wild-oats slopes. The eucalyptus trees droop like weeping willows.

Far out to the eastward, sky and cloud meet the blue sea. The most significant feature of this place is the melody of the birds. It is beautiful.

The feeling of languor is exquisite. I cannot get way from sensorial perceptions. My state is one of comfort and dreaminess. Sweet rest and dreamful ease.

I could spend the whole day here, alone and absorbed. The eternal moan of the sea in my ears, the loneliness and wildness and solitude so omnipresent!

# Fewer and Better

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (Nov. 15, '24)

Henry H. Curran

ONE of the best things the new immigration law has done is to put a stop to the quota races, the straining of steamships to reach New York at the moment of midnight, when the calendar barrier of the first minute of the month would lift. No greater degree of unintended cruelty to fellow human beings ever came of a single statute than fell from our first quota law. I remember a Syrian and his wife who came here three times from Europe, and each time had to go back because their ship was just too late for that monthly division of the quota. The third time was the last. Their funds were gone, their spirit broken. They have not tried again. . . There were scores of such cases.

Today the immigrants are counted against the quotas, not here as they arrive, but at our consulates abroad, before they ever start the journey. The quota gamble of the long voyage has gone forever. The immigrant of today knows he is within the quota the minute he receives his immigration visa from the consul nearest to his home before he starts. Consuls issue visas only up to the limit of the quotas; there is excellent machinery to insure that.

Under the old law, 95 per cent of the year's quota came in during the first five months. There were fits of congestion at Ellis Island that were beyond all possibility of control. Thousands of immigrants waited six, seven and even eight days in ships until their turn came to be taken to the island for an examination lasting one minute. Hundreds more than decency should allow stayed here in detention. The whole place was taxed to the point of bursting. The

inspection itself became necessarily perfunctory.

Today, under the new law, all that has changed. Consuls may not issue in any one month more than 10 per cent of the annual quota of visas allotted to any given nationality. This insures a uniform, steady flow of arrivals. When the immigrant receives his visa nowadays he usually comes right along, fast. But he need not do that. The new law gives him four months, after the visa is issued, within which to ship for the United States. That is time enough within which to sell the old cow, say good-by to the old folks, and scurry along. The result of this 10 per cent visa control, with four months for the use of the visa, is the entire abolition of the old fits of congestion at Ellis Island.

With the immigrant assured of his quota place before he starts, he is now assured also a prompt examination when he arrives. Most important of all, he receives a real examination. The medical examination is extensive, and so is all the rest. It is a fine sieve he has to go through nowadays at Ellis Island; and for the sake of our own country every one of us will say, "The finer the better!"

The only fly in the ointment of this more thorough examination is the increasing tendency of aliens to travel first or second class and thus avoid the fine sifting of Ellis Island; for it is only the third class that comes to the island for examination. The two other classes are examined by inspectors and doctors who board the ship at Quarantine and do their work right on the ship as she comes up the bay. For years past this has

been the practice, because for years the distinction between third class and first or second class has marked the broad difference between the traditional immigrant on the one hand, and the tourist, or visitor, or casual settler of means, health and obvious admissibility, on the other.

But now there is no steerage, broadly speaking. The immigrants who come third class are just as likely to meet the tests of the immigration law as those who come second class.

The two classes are more nearly alike than ever before, yet the examinations accorded the two are, in respect to thoroughness, more unlike than ever before. Why? Because an inspector cannot examine as well aboard ship as he can at Ellis Island. He is alone, pressed, among peoples in a hurry; and there are other handicaps.

When it comes to the doctors, however, the difference becomes one of black and white. To watch people file by in the dining saloon of a steamer, and give them a quick once-over of a look as they pass, is not a medical examination. The alien cannot be stripped, even to the waist, for instance, on the ship, because the limited facilities there make it impracticable. Nor, with two to a dozen ships coming up the bay at once, can there be half a dozen specialists on every ship, as there are at the island, to give each alien a careful, competent examination in their respective specialties.

And so the astute alien, well coached by the steamship agent, hands over a few more dollars and takes to the second cabin, where he knows he will be treated to a medical examination that is indifferent, to say the least.

It sounds small. But when you think of the taxes you pay to support alien inmates of American hospitals, insane asylums, poor-houses and jails, it becomes an important matter.

This is what should be done, and done now. Let every alien passenger be examined medically abroad, before he starts, by a doctor of the American Public Health Service, stationed at a convenient consulate and provided with adequate facilities. If the alien passes the doctor he is in a position to receive the necessary visa from our consul, provided he be, in the judgment of the consul, admissible here in every other way. In those other respects the consul is already the judge. He is the first sieve; Ellis Island is the second. But stripping aside, how is a consul to tell trachoma from pink eye? Can you? So why not have a doctor there to do a doctor's job, alongside the consul doing a consul's job? This would save the chagrin, the trouble and the tragedy of an alien coming all the way over here only to be rejected by an American doctor on his arrival. That sort of rejection is a grievous blow. It is happening every day of the year.

There are two big things that the new immigration law set out to accomplish, and it is accomplishing both of them—to the great good of aliens and Americans alike. First, there was a determination to do away with the hardships that came to aliens from quota races, from Ellis Island congestion, and from the absence of any sort of examination of the immigrant before the start of his migration. These hardships have all disappeared forever.

Second, came the belief that the quantity of immigration should be cut. This was done. The present quotas are half what they were. For the first time and for all time, the fact is settled that immigration into our country is our own affair. Every other nation in the world had settled this question for itself in the same way, long ago. Now it is settled, here, as well. President Coolidge has said that "America must be kept American." That job is now being attended to.



# Bolstering Up the Business Man

Condensed from The Century Magazine (Nov. '24)

Richard J. Walsh

**M**ANY business men, if you can get them to speak their secret thoughts, will tell you that they are awed by the growing size of their daily problems. They are daunted by the difficulty of keeping many departments pulling evenly, and of holding their business to a clear and consistent policy. They are perplexed by the new economic conditions under which they must operate.

This new humility, as we may call it without malice, dates from the autumn of 1920. The avalanche of cancellations of orders which then ended the long period of expansion made business men aware that great economic forces of which they knew little were at work.

So business men in their new humility turn to reliance upon the specialist. There is a tacit confession in the growing habit among business men of seeking outside advice. Making a living by doing for the business man what he can not do for himself has come to be a recognized vocation. A partial list of such experts includes:

Production engineers, cost accountants, efficiency engineers, tax consultants, mercantile agencies, statistical services, commercial research organizations, business counselors, advertising agencies, sales advisers, public-relations counsel, labor-relations counsel, industrial detectives.

Add to this the welter of services rendered by mail; monthly reports on the stock market, credit, and general conditions; the business cycle made clear by a regular economic service. Let Messrs. So-and-So tell you weekly what's doing in Congress and in the bureaus of the Government. Our labor digest will keep

you in touch with industrial relations everywhere.

Add again the trade organizations, local, national and special. For the most part these services and associations are actually expert and useful. But by appointment of so many grand vizirs, the business man admits his need to be bolstered up by them. These outside experts get clients by openly offering to sell advice. "Let us show you how to increase sales." "Your employees are not doing a full day's work. We can show you why." "If you want to be set right before the public, confer with us." "Don't place your fall orders until you have seen our analysis of your market."

Furthermore, the business man loads his pay-roll with specialists. The much-heralded "age of specialization" has run wild. The theory of the perfect executive has reached the *reductio ad absurdum*. He boasts a clean desk with a row of push-buttons. He has delegated every duty to some subordinate. He is proud to be able to sit in a two-hour conference with you and not be interrupted once. He can start for Europe on 24 hours' notice or for the golf course in ten minutes. Bring him a problem, and he knows instantly not how to solve it, but where to put his finger on the man who can solve it for him.

In the medical profession we are beginning to feel the lack of the general practitioners. The old-time family physician is disappearing. In his place we have the specialist and group medicine. The diagnostician who can separate one group of symptoms from another, and who has no favorite set of diseases, is a rarity.

Specialization in business is cre-

ating a similar void. Men are highly trained for this or that department. Few are trained for general management. There is no such thing as a typical business leader. For example, here is a list of the presidents of a dozen large companies, showing what each man was before he became president: 1—Banker, 2—Lawyer, 3—Manufacturing Superintendent, 4—Accountant, 5—Local politician, 6—Nephew of principal owner, 7—Graduate engineer, 8—Plodder in clerical departments, 9—Salesman, 10—Started as private secretary, 11—Entertainer, popular with directors, 12—Credit man.

Most of these men did well at their former jobs. They were promoted in the hope that they could apply the same ability to the broader responsibilities of general management. A few of them are showing that they can do that. The rest of them will be failures.

Those on the inside of large business affairs know that there is relatively a greater turn-over in presidencies than among managers of departments. The average big business today is kept going less by the initiative supplied from the top than by the energy and effectiveness of the men lower down.

All this is part of the larger problem created by over-organization. Starting at the bottom and working up used to mean moving through one department after another, so that when a man came to be head of the business he had a thorough understanding of its every phase. This is no longer possible. A young man who set out to learn in practice every phase of a large business is likely to have one of these experiences:

1. He will make a failure at one point or another, and be discharged or resign in discouragement.

2. He will make so striking a success in one department that he will become a fixture there, will be hired away, or will go out to start in business for himself as a specialist.

3. He will gallop through to a

general executive position with no more than a superficial grasp of the real work of the departments, because a life-time is not long enough to let him master all of them.

This dilemma is getting sharper all the time, as business is done in larger and larger units. The centralization of general management, of financial control, and of distribution agencies is increasing irresistibly.

Hence the flourishing crop of expert services, and the increasing authority within the business of specialists hired on full time.

Essential as much of this expert service is, it is, after all, in large part a makeshift. In so far as it supplies technical work and information, it will always continue to be in demand. But it is trying also, with no great success, to supply something that the business leader of the future will have to supply for himself—a scientific attack upon the problems of general management.

The general manager of tomorrow must be a man trained not as a specialist, but as a truly *general* manager. He will learn his business not alone by the "practical" method of hard knocks and trial-and-error, but also by the same kind of professional training which now gives him chemists and lawyers, hygienists and accountants. He will not spend the most active and plastic years of his life doing work far below his natural ability for the sake of picking up each day a few scraps of practical experience. He will learn, as doctors and engineers learn, in professional institutions of learning devoted to general management.

This is now going to be possible. For side by side with the movement of economic forces which has made business problems more complex, has come an educational movement reaching steadily toward the solution of these problems. How the movement is organized will be the subject of other articles.

# Self-Government in Mexico

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Nov. '24)

*Robert Glass Cleland*

FOR over a hundred years, with a few brief exceptions, the liberty of the Mexican people has been a fictitious liberty, and the government of that country has failed to meet the tests of a successful government. It has not maintained order, except at widely separated intervals. It has not afforded industry the security it requires. It has not been able to keep its treasury in funds or pay its debts or direct its revenues to the genuine up-building of its citizens. It has failed lamentably to educate its people or give them a decent standard of living or teach them the rudiments of health and sanitation. It has built almost no highways, developed almost none of the country's great resources, and allowed itself to become the economic vassal of other nations. It has frequently ignored its solemn treaty obligations, violated the principles of international law, and invited the intervention of other nations because of its utter helplessness in the face of domestic turmoil.

This indictment is not born of hostility or prejudice, but of that same impartial desire to arrive at the truth which leads a physician to record a patient's symptoms. Let us see if this statement is not correct.

Mexico became independent of Spain in 1821. From that date to 1876, when Diaz came into power, the government changed hands on an average of at least once a year and almost never were these changes accomplished without bloodshed or in accordance with the methods prescribed by the Mexican Constitution.

The government of Diaz, which

extended to 1911, possessed two fatal elements of weakness. It was neither a free government nor a constitutional government, and it had no power to pass its virtues on to a successor. Many people who have despaired of self-government in Mexico, propose the restoration of a benevolent despotism, such as Diaz so long maintained. Yet virtually every president before Diaz, as well as after him, has attempted to do the very thing he did—that is, to make himself absolute master of the government; but none as yet has had any long-continued success in the attempt. The explanation of the single generation of peace which Mexico has known in the last hundred years lies, then, in the personality, genius, and consummate ability of the man himself. And when in the past Mexico brought forth a man like Diaz, and when will she again produce his equal?

What are the facts of recent Mexican politics? From 1910 to 1924, Mexico has had five major presidents and six provisional presidents. She has seen her capital more than once or twice fall into the hands of bandit-revolutionists. She has seen two of her five presidents assassinated in the revolutions which brought about their overthrow. She has seen two others driven in exile, where they died. And the fifth, Obregon, she has seen escape the certain fate of exile or death within the past year only because the United States Government came to his support.

What has happened, indeed, is really this: The 30 years of peace under Diaz misled public opinion in the United States and taught us to look upon the present revolutionary

period in Mexico as an abnormal state. In reality, violent political upheavals are the normal characteristics of Mexican government. The thoughtful man must ask himself, therefore, why the problem of self-government in Mexico has been found so difficult.

The first answer to the question lies, of course, in the type of people. Less than ten per cent of Mexico's 15,000,000 citizens are of pure white extraction. Of the remainder, about one-half are of mixed white and Indian blood; but even in this mixed class the Indian strain so greatly predominates that it is almost impossible to differentiate the great majority from the pure Indian element.

Lastly come the Indians themselves, who, without the slightest trace of foreign blood, constitute nearly 50 per cent of the entire population of the country. In large part they still follow the old customs of their fathers, live the old Indian life, speak in many cases the old Indian dialects, and know nothing of national patriotism or ties of unity outside their tribal associations. Such is the great body of raw material out of which Mexico must build her popular institutions and fashion her democratic government!

Another of the great drawbacks to self-government in Mexico is the lack of education among the people. At least 80 per cent of the entire population are illiterate, and probably not half of the 20 per cent who can read and write possess more than these bare rudiments of an education. Is there some peculiar spirit abroad in Mexico which makes it possible for a free government to flourish there under such conditions of gross ignorance when elsewhere it demands intelligence and education to survive?

A third difficulty is the lack of adequate means of communication. In the early days of national development, the people of the United

States found it possible to travel and transport their commerce by means of such great rivers as the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson, and the Missouri. But instead of a network of navigable rivers to knit Mexico together, there were only great mountain ranges, and wide deserts, and impenetrable jungles to foster extreme provincialism and political disunity. Even today only a handful of states in Mexico enjoy anything like adequate railway service, and many vast areas have no rail connection whatever with any other section of the country. Automobile roads, except in a few of the larger cities, are as yet non-existent.

Another cause of the ill success of popular government in Mexico is the failure of Mexican society to develop a middle class. No nation has ever succeeded as a democracy, or ever will succeed, in which all wealth and education and culture and political power are lodged in the hands of a small minority.

Still another handicap, and one that must stand at the very forefront in importance, is the lack of training and tradition of self-government from which the Mexican people suffer. There is no supernatural power in the word democracy that can immediately transform a people, ignorant, disunited, wholly unacquainted with the complex processes of self-government, into a society that knows at once how to make its own laws, administer its own affairs, fashion the political institutions necessary to meet its own peculiar needs, and keep the machinery of government in operation.

Long before the American people established themselves as an independent nation, they had served their apprenticeship in self-government as colonists. But this knowledge of the actual workings of free government was not all that the American colonist had. He had also behind him the splendid tradition of English freedom.

The Mexican, on the contrary, when he severed himself from Spain, had none of the advantages which the citizens of the Thirteen Colonies possessed. For 300 years he had been under an absolutism which gave him no training whatever in self-government. In his mind authority was always associated with tyranny. He possessed no fixed ideas of liberty by which to order and direct his political experiments.

Another great weakness of self-government in Mexico is the country's woeful lack of capable and unselfish leaders. "A democracy without great men is a dangerous democracy." And in the last one hundred years Mexico has produced only two or three political figures whose unselfish devotion to the public good and whose capacity and statesmanship place them in the category of great men. The weakness arising from this lack of commanding leadership is greatly intensified by the dishonesty, inefficiency, and corruption which characterize almost every branch of the public service. One can scarcely exaggerate the evils which spring from these conditions. Public office is rarely a public trust. The great ambition of the Mexican politician is to attain power in order to acquire wealth. And, by devices too numerous to mention, a government position is made to yield a revenue far beyond the meagre salary which the law attaches to it.

Those familiar with Mexican conditions know that these statements are not exaggerated. The Mexican people themselves frankly acknowledge these evils. . . . Mexico, in the first place, inherited the Spanish conception of public office and for 300 years lived under that conception as a colony. She saw the country impoverished, its defenses neglected, the royal revenues squandered and diverted to private ends; and she grew so accustomed to these things that she came to regard them as the natural and normal characteristics of every government. A

hundred years have not been sufficient to uproot this old Spanish tradition of public office.

Nor is it surprising that public affairs are conducted on a low and inefficient plane among a people so uneducated as the Mexican people. Except in matters of the most outstanding kind, public officials are not restrained by public opinion and feel almost no responsibility to public opinion, because public opinion in Mexico is normally too vague, too disorganized, and too impotent to hold them to account. "All free governments," said James Russell Lowell, "are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends."

The constant recurrence of revolution is another factor which discourages the development of true leadership in Mexico. Unless one is willing to face the certainty of revolution and the probability of exile from his native soil or death by violence, he will not aspire very eagerly to an important political office. Thus it happens that the danger which surrounds public office in Mexico often keeps the man of intelligence from seeking it, while men of less ability become the country's leaders—just as in the United States the fear of newspaper criticism and campaign slander often keeps our most capable citizens out of politics.

The revolutionary evil has another serious effect. With every successful revolution not only is the treasury drained of funds, but every office is filled by a new and often untrained man. How can a government which is being overturned as frequently as the Mexican government is overturned carry out a single constructive program? Under such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that men of honesty and ability are discouraged from seeking office, or that they find it almost impossible to do anything worth while if they obtain office. Nor is it to be wondered at that men of less sin-



cerity of purpose, knowing how soon they will be forced out of their positions, and realizing the futility of attempting to carry through the tasks before them in so short a time, neglect the public good and seek only to use the resources of the office for their own advantage while they have the opportunity.

The lack of political parties in Mexico is a weakness of the first importance. Mexicans do not group themselves around great political principles, but only around individuals. Presidents, Cabinet Members, and Congressmen are not accountable to anyone except to the small faction which places them in control. A president is not the spokesman of a great party, and he cannot bring party pressure to bear upon members of congress, or appeal to party loyalty to secure favorable legislation. He can do nothing at all except as he appeals to the self-interest of his followers or uses force to break down opposition.

The Opposition in Mexico, like the Administration, is also greatly handicapped because it lacks the cohesion which comes only from organized party action. It is commonly a mixture of heterogeneous and often rival factions, united only in their common hostility to the group which happens to be in power and knit together only by their determination to effect a change of government.

The attainment of this end is never sought by the normal methods employed in other countries and prescribed by the Mexican Constitution, but resort is always had to revolution. When this succeeds and the new government comes into power the unnatural combination which comprised the Opposition dissolves into its component parts; and some of these, forming a new alliance, begin almost immediately to intrigue against the very government they have themselves so recently established.

To some degree offsetting these

conditions, one gladly confesses that a new spirit is abroad in Mexico today which is profoundly affecting the great masses of the common people. It manifests itself in a great variety of ways, chiefly up to this time along social and economic lines. But no one can as yet define this spirit or say precisely what it is. It may be like the wind that comes before the dawn.

But one's hopes should not make him blindly optimistic. Men said that Madero had ushered in the Golden Age. They said the same thing of Carranza, and now they are saying the same thing of Obregon, and of Calles. And if the Obregon-Calles faction should be deposed tomorrow, and a new dictator come to power, they would say the same thing of him.

"There is nothing more arduous than the apprenticeship of liberty," wrote De Tocqueville nearly a hundred years ago. This is true, and every nation that has passed through that hard and bitter training should bear patiently with Mexico. But there are factors of an international character in Mexico's problem that will not admit of indefinite delay.

One thing at least is inescapable: the United States is almost as vitally concerned in the success or failure of self-government in Mexico as Mexico herself. The success of self-government will give us a prosperous and contented neighbor, and free us from one of our gravest and most irritating international dilemmas. The continued failure of self-government will lay upon us a direct and very sobering responsibility, the ultimate outcome of which no man can foretell.

Hence there is an imperative necessity for the people of this country to obtain a more perfect, a more intelligent, and a more sympathetic understanding of the exceedingly complicated and disheartening problem in democracy which Mexico still faces after more than a century of hard and unpromising experiment.

# The Social Destiny of Radio

Excerpts from The Forum

Waldemar Kaempffert

WE used to call the telegraph and telephone "space annihilators."

Space annihilation, indeed! Not until radio conquered the home did we know what the term meant. How many of us ever telegraphed or telephoned even so far as a hundred miles? To call "long distance" and ask for a number in a far-distant city, to send a telegram across the continent, is almost an historic event for one who is not a man of large affairs. What are 200 miles in radio? Denver is heard every day in hundreds of New York homes; Chicago in San Francisco. Space annihilation? We are witnessing the process in three million homes. And within five years we shall witness it in ten millions. No prediction of radio's sociological future can be so wild, so fantastic that even the most unimaginative engineer will dismiss it as impossible of realization. Jeritza may sing "Tosca" in New York, while London, Chicago, and Fort Worth thrill rhythmically with the few thousand who are fortunate to see as well as to hear her in the Metropolitan Opera House. Who can help conjuring up a vision of a super radio university educating the world, of a super orchestra bringing out the beauty of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to millions on both sides of the Atlantic, of a super newspaper reaching whole continents not by the printed word but by the living voice? Every home has the potentiality of becoming an extension of Carnegie Hall or Harvard University.

Minds can be detonated like explosives. The printed word has inspired protests and reforms enough, but it takes time for the printed word to circulate. The ether per-

vades everything. Let a legislator commit himself to some policy that is obviously senseless, and the editorial writers must first proclaim his imbecility to the community. But let the radiophone in the legislative halls of the future flash his absurdities into space and a whole state hears them at once. Perhaps oratory may flourish again as it did in the days of Greece and Rome. What a success Demosthenes would have been in these days of broadcasting!

The steam engine, the railway, the telephone, the telegraph, the postal service have made Europe what it is today as much as the signing of Magna Charta and the French Revolution; communication has had as profound an effect in emancipating the European peasant as the overthrow of kings and feudal lords.

The Roman Empire was merely basted and not sewn together. Only armies and a few merchants traveled. Emperors, satraps, governors came and went, but the life of Rome's tributary states was scarcely changed. A few pessimistic students of English history assume that the British Empire, sprawling over large areas in the East and West, must ultimately collapse. They forget that time and not distance is the controlling factor in communication. European empires were dropping asunder before the 19th century, with the exception of Russia; the steamship and the telegraph held the British dominions together and enabled them to grow with a rapidity inconceivable before 1850. Communication means organization, and radio broadcasting will prove to be the most potent unifying influence that has appeared since the railway and the telegraph were invented. It

must knit the dominions of Great Britain more closely together than ever. In a few years (even now the feat is technically possible) London and Delhi will talk to each other by way of the ether; the Prime Minister will be electrically as close to Asia as if it were in the next room.

As radio thus develops internationally, language barriers will be broken down. There were noticeable differences of speech in America long after the founding of the republic simply because it took a fortnight to travel from Boston to Philadelphia by coach. Because the railway has made it possible for alien peoples to mingle freely, because the more powerful commercial and military nations have forced their languages upon the weaker, because the telephone and telegraph demand the use of major European tongues, an educated European business man now finds it necessary to learn English, French, and German, and with these three he can deal with Turks, Russians, Greeks, Dutchmen, and Scandinavians. In sheer commercial self-defence the intelligent Roumanian, Hungarian, Pole, and Russian must learn one or more of the great European languages. If Europe for the purpose of international intercourse has tended to reduce itself to the use of three languages after space and time destroying means of communication were introduced, who will deny that radio will bring about a more pronounced unification of speech? The transformation must come about if the English lecture delivered from London or New York is to be understood in Milan or Rio de Janeiro. It so happens that the United States and Great Britain have taken the lead in broadcasting. If that lead is maintained it follows that English must become the dominant tongue. Even now one Dutch station finds it necessary to radiate its utterances in English. In a generation radio can do more toward making English the language of the world than would

be possible in a century of railroad-ing, telegraphing, and cabling.

Look at a map of the United States, of Canada, of any country, and try to conjure up a picture of what radio broadcasting will eventually mean to the hundreds of little towns that are set down in type so small that it can hardly be read. How unrelated they seem! It is only an idea that holds them together—the idea that they form part of a territory called "our country." One home in Chicago might as well be in Zanzibar so far as another in Massachusetts is concerned, were it not for this binding sense of nationality. If these little towns and villages so remote from one another, so nationally related and yet physically so unrelated, could be made to acquire a sense of intimacy!

This is exactly what radio is bringing about. The telegraph and telephone did much to weave us into a political and economic fabric, but a coarse fabric with wide meshes. How fine is the texture of the web that radio even now is spinning! it is achieving the task of making us feel together, think together, live together. The actual voices of Presidents and Governors are heard by the people with telepathic swiftness and directness. No longer will we be content with cold, impersonal type for the conveying of proclamations and messages to us. The President of the United States is a real personality—something more than a political abstraction bearing a familiar name. We have heard him—millions of us at the same time. He has literally entered the home when the occasion justified an appeal to the country *viva voce*.

Here we catch a glimpse of broadcasting's social destiny. What we have now is but the archeological beginning—something that bears about the same relation to radio of the future that the scratchings of prehistoric cave men bear to photography.

# The Mills of the League Grind Slowly

Condensed from Current Opinion (Nov. '24)

THE League of Nations, gathered in the Fifth Assembly, has unanimously accepted a protocol, inviting all the powers to a conference on disarmament, which is to meet next June, somewhere in Europe, presumably Geneva. In the conference, Germany and Russia will be asked to participate, and if the United States is absent, it will be isolated.

Here and now to abolish war is a project so startling that we may well rub our eyes. There has never been a period, however remote, when mankind could imagine society without war. Yet slavery, an institution as universal as war and more personal, has almost disappeared, at any rate in a violent form; and polygamy, also widespread, has been mitigated. Many circumstances, scientific and financial as well as ethical and humanitarian, have combined to render war an obsolete method of settling differences between nations. Statesmen who prepare for war are finding that public opinion is against them.

The League of Nations has thus ceased to be a debating society for idealists. Whatever view be taken, of the protocol which summons the conference, it is at least a definite and challenging document. Moreover, the League, as an instrument of peace, has now survived the blow under which it staggered when the United States stood aside. There is no question today of the League's collapsing. The League desires the presence of the United States. But the detachment of the United States has consolidated the League and inspired the constituent nations to go ahead. The League includes Asia and Japan and every American dominion and republic except one.

The invitation for next year's Conference is not merely a formal notice of date. It is embodied in a protocol which means, in plain English, a program of business. In the history of diplomacy, there has been no more startling document. And there arises the question how far the nations attending the conference stand committed to what is implied in the protocol.

It is not, of course, a treaty. It need not be submitted to Parliaments, or to Congress for ratification. But it is a basis of discussion, out of which it is expected that treaties will emerge.

To disputant nations, the protocol allows full liberty to select what may seem to be the most suitable tribunal for arbitration. It may be the International Court at The Hague; it may be the council of The League; or it may be an umpire set up for the particular point at issue. What, however, the protocol does insist upon is that, in no case of dispute shall there be war.

In the opinion of the League, Arbitration must be supported by a sense of security. It is proposed, therefore, that, when a dispute has been referred to Arbitration, the League shall assume a vigilant supervision of the armaments on both sides, so as to prevent the possibility of either party taking advantage of the other by preparing for war during the hearings of the tribunal.

And if a disputant refuses Arbitration and, instead, goes to war, what then? In that event, the League shall immediately call upon its members to take action. And this action may be economic boycott, commercial blockade or active hostilities on land or sea or in the air. In other words, any nation that

goes to war will be fought by other nations. In a familiar phrase, the League will "enforce peace."

And here two points of especial significance should be noted. It is agreed that the League shall act "regionally." This means that European nations would bring pressure to bear against an aggressor in Europe; while American nations would act similarly in America. The Monroe Doctrine, so it is agreed, will thus be respected. It is also agreed that nations, especially threatened, may conclude or continue defensive alliances, which merely fortify the more general undertakings of the protocol. This concession enables France and Belgium and the Little Entente to safeguard themselves as hitherto against Germany and Russia.

To say that all nations must arbitrate instead of fight is simple. But to act upon the principle will require courage and restraint. There is as yet no complete and recognized code of international law, and if there were, it would still be true that wars are fought, not on grounds of law but of equity. At Geneva, two cases have been mentioned, neither of which is covered by international law. The first affects the control of raw materials. Take quinine, of which Holland has developed what is almost a world monopoly in Java. Legally, that monopoly is a "domestic" matter with which no other country has a right to interfere. But if Holland were to hold up the supply of quinine, what then? Would not the rest of the world be vitally concerned? Technically, a question may be domestic; actually, it may be international.

A second and more dangerous case is immigration. The powers, including the United States and Japan herself, have always taken the view that immigration is a domestic question which every country has a right to decide for itself. This means that if a difference between Japan and the United States or Australia arose over

immigration, the Hague Court would simply say, "This is domestic. We have no jurisdiction." And Japan, if aggrieved, would have no redress. For if she went to war, she would be declared "the aggressor" and have the whole world against her. That, at any rate, was Japan's plea at Geneva.

By the Covenant of the League it is laid down that any question which disturbs the amity of nations, whether "domestic" or not, may be submitted to the Council of the League for conciliatory discussion. And Japan has insisted that nothing in the protocol shall be interpreted as limiting this "indefeasible right." And on the other side, naturally, Australia has insisted that she can sign no protocol if it impairs the certainty of the Commonwealth remaining "white." While then, the League has acted strongly and with united consent, there are still lions obstructing the pathway of peace.

According to the League, it takes three words to spell the one word, Peace. Those three words are Arbitration, Security and Disarmament. Peace is thus an altar supported on a tripod. Remove any one of the three legs of the tripod and the altar of Peace falls to the ground.

Ten years ago, there were more than 200 treaties of arbitration in the world and yet the Great War broke out. The reason was that only 36 of these treaties imposed compulsory arbitration. All the rest contained a loophole for evasion. A nation might agree to arbitrate a dispute if it wanted. But if it didn't want to arbitrate it was left entirely free to go to war. The protocol declares that all nations must accept arbitration for all international issues; and that any nation which fights instead of arbitrating shall be declared "an aggressor" to which measures of forcible restraint shall be applied.



# The Malaria Belt

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (Nov. '24)

Thomas J. LeBlanc

THE cotton plantations in southern Georgia are, in many cases, surrounded on all sides by swamps. When this is the case, practically every child and young adult on the plantation has malaria. The economic loss must be tremendous. Another group that suffers severely is that of the lumbermen and their families. Since the men cut mainly cypress and pine, they of necessity must live either in or near the swamps. This murderous exposure, fortunately, is somewhat offset by the efforts of the men in charge of the lumber companies, who seem to make every effort to provide for the protection and welfare of their workmen. The cotton plantations, at least in the swamp regions, are ugly and ill-kept. The Negroes are not the jolly and care-free fellows of legend, but slow-moving and anemic hosts for the malaria parasite. I did not see a single banjo in a careful canvass of three Southern States.

The inside of the cabins is rigidly standardized throughout the Malaria Belt. A partition straddling a crude fireplace, open on both sides, divides the building into two halves. Each half is the dining, living and sleeping quarters of one family. The furnishings usually consist of one bed, a few old-fashioned trunks and a rickety bureau. The cabins are without glass or screens in the windows and the mosquitoes have free and easy access to the dark brethren within.

We entered one house where we found a woman in a paroxysm, with a high fever and nausea. She was attended by her son, who introduced himself as the leading chiropractor of the region. I asked him if he

did not think the patient had an exceedingly rapid pulse. He answered, "Oh, yes, but that aint got nothin' t' do with th' fever. Y'see, it's this-away. She et some watermelon an' this gits down inter her stummick 'n ferments 'n th' gas swells her stummick up so it presses up on her diaphragm, 'n this squeezes th' heart space so that th' heart can't take sech big strokes, 'n th' result is that it has t' pump 'bout twicest es fast, since it can't pump es far. Yuh see how simple et all is when you know. That's th' point, see? Yeh gotta know!"

We left behind the large plantations owned by white men and worked by Negroes and in their stead came small, almost barren plots of ground, each owned by a white man and his family. Negroes now became scarce. It is hard to believe that such miserable people exist within the limits of our glorious democracy. Their isolation is complete and they look upon every stranger with deep suspicion. Thousands are infected with malaria and a large proportion of the children and young adults also have hookworm. Their complexions are always pale and sallow, and their blood placed on a glass slide is pale orange, not red. Their children either sit still all the time or move very slowly; they never romp and play. A putty-faced boy in overalls, about three and a half feet in height, picked at random, is found to be 22 years old, and there can be no doubt of his age, for 20 later children of his mother can be accounted for, either in the shape of other putty-faces or as tragic mounds in the front yard, bordered by pathetic little bits of white crock-

ery, or empty snuff bottles. Life for these children is a succession of racking chills and fever, broken by the lethargy and gnawing hunger of hookworm.

We drove past farm after farm with its poor, dilapidated, unpainted house, and the whole family drowsing on the steps; the center of a cloud of droning flies and gnats. Sometimes the father raised his head slowly and gazed at us through his half-opened eyes, but it was only to drop back into his doze before we had passed. . . . On Sundays we passed many on the roads, trudging slowly to church, both the men and women carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands. Upon reaching the churchyard they stop beneath a tree, put on their footgear and are then ready for the service. Probably a few hundred yards is the most they could do with shoes on.

We reached a low section of country that floods during heavy rains, and is dotted, when the water recedes with stagnant pools. This supports, after their fashion, the very poorest of the poor white trash; in addition to having malaria and hookworm they also suffer from various nutritional disturbances. Their diet is chiefly made up of corn in one form or another, with little or no milk, eggs, or green vegetables.

Our first stop was at the Thurber house, occupied by John Thurber, one of the most influential men of the region. He gave us a dull greeting, and looked at us from colorless eyes. My reference to malaria roused him. "Th' ain't eny use fer these docs t' tech these skeeters. Ef they'd tek away them pine cones we wudn't hev these chills. Ahm a-tellin' yeh, 'n ah reckons ah ought t' know. When the win's in th' wes' 'n blows over 'em pine cones, yeh can't hep to hev them chills."

We traversed county after county and all the differences that we noted were caused by topography alone. Some had malaria, some had hook-

worm and some had both. There is scarcely any travel, and those in one county know little or nothing about those in the next. We visited 35 families in one district living within a radius of 12 miles. In the center of this area was a town of 4,000 population but, out of the 35 families, only eight of the adults had ever visited the town!

The crying need of all these forlorn people is a little of the divine discontent. Nearly all are content to remain on the little corn patches where they were born. A few of the more progressive ones know that it would be better for them if they moved away, but they can't afford it. All their worldly wealth is bound up in the little frame house and corn patch, and actual money is a rarity. The land, in many cases, has been in the same family for generations. Even if the present holder should decide to sell, there would be no one to buy. The great majority seem satisfied with things as they are. The poor white trash are too poor to be discontented, and the Negro has too little imagination to bother about his future.

The major health problem of this desolate region is simple enough. The *Anopheles* mosquito carries malaria. It breeds in swamps, lime sinks and borrow pits—long, shallow pits that have given their earth to the raising of a crown in the road or to a fill for a railroad. Hookworm eggs are discharged on the soil from the intestines of infected persons. The soil and climate are friendly to them and the eggs hatch into larvae. These penetrate the skin of the bare foot and the end result is a new victim. The solution of both problems is clear: Drain all swamps, sink holes and borrow pits, screen all the houses and put shoes on the population, and then train them all to cleanly habits of living. In brief, the whole thing is as simple and easy as it would be for a one-armed man to empty the Great Lakes with a spoon.

# Beyond the Purple Rim

Excerpts from *The Century Magazine* (Nov. '24)

*E. Alexander Powell*

WHEN, upon my return from Asia, I was poring over the atlas in quest of some land which held promise of novelty and adventure, my eye was drawn to that triangular patch in the upper right-hand quarter of the map of Africa which is labeled Abyssinia, or as it is known to its own people, the Empire of Ethiopia. . . .

Save for the little West African republic of Liberia, Abyssinia is the only country in the world where the black man rules unchallenged and supreme. The Ethiopians not only succeeded in preserving their independence against the assaults of the land-hungry European nations during "the scramble for Africa," but, barring the Japanese, they are the only tinted race which has defeated in war a first-class European power. The form of government of the empire and its ruling dynasty are probably the most ancient in existence, its vellempress boasting direct descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

In area Abyssinia is larger than our three Pacific Coast States combined, with double their population, yet it has no outlet to the salt water (the predatory European nations have seen to that!). Though bordered on all sides by sun-scorched deserts or miasmal jungle, the major portion of the country is a series of vast plateaus—it has been fittingly called the African Switzerland—which rise abruptly to a height of nearly 8000 feet. Nearly twice as high, however, are the peaks of the ranges which encircle the country with a tremendous rampart of rock close on three miles high and penetrable only by deep and narrow clefts through which descend moun-

tain torrents. Abyssinia might be described, indeed, as a great walled garden planted in a wilderness, for I do not believe that a finer climate, more beautiful and varied scenery, and greater fertility of the soil can be found anywhere in the world outside of California, to which in many respects it bears a striking resemblance.

It is about 500 miles to the Abyssinian capital — Adis Abeba, from Djibouti, on the Red Sea, and, as the trains do not run at night, the journey occupies three days. The reason the trains do not run at night is because the tribesmen inhabiting the hills beyond the French border seem to be under the impression that the rails, iron ties and fish-plates were placed there for the purpose of supplying them with material for spear-heads, and they help themselves to it whenever their fancy strikes them.

For the first 50 miles the railway traverses a hot and dreadful desert which is so destitute of vegetation that a jackal is said to make his last will and testament before venturing across it. But as the Abyssinian frontier is approached, the terrain steadily becomes more rugged. At last we are on the soil of Ethiopia, a land where the black man is the top dog; where the only law is the word of the dusky ruler who styles herself the Queen of Kings.

As we approached our destination, the air became brisk, for Adis Abeba stands at an elevation of nearly 8000 feet and is frequently too cool for comfort despite the fact that it is only ten degrees from the equator. Now the villages became more numerous, cultivated land more frequent; but we were abruptly thrown

back into the dim and distant past when, passing beneath a towering cliff, we saw that its perpendicular face was honeycombed with caves, their entrances as thick as the windows of a sky-scraper, in which skin-clad human beings lead just such an existence as did our ancestors when the world was very young.

Were a man to be dropped without warning into Adis Abeba, he might guess for a day before he could determine to what nation the place belonged. If he argued from the dense eucalyptus forest which almost conceals the city beneath a sea of foliage, and from the purple mountains that rise behind it, he might think he was in California; the vast area of the market-place, jammed with horses, donkeys, mules, and camels, would certainly remind him of Teheran; the Indian and Arab merchants in their striped robes and flaming turbans, seated cross-legged before little shops whose dim interiors breathe out strange, aromatic odors, might take him back to Bagdad; the half-naked Gourages, with their mighty sinews, the dignified Abyssinians wrapped in Roman togas, the fierce-faced Galla warriors with their spears, their curved swords, their leathern shields, would suggest those strange people which drift into Bokhara.

As the train halted in Adis Abeba, a very tall Abyssinian, wrapped in a beautifully embroidered *chamma*, a scarlet-and-gold cartridge-belt about his waist, and a gold-mounted rifle slung over his shoulder, mounted our carriage and, through an interpreter, introduced himself as the chamberlain of the prince regent, from whom he bore a cordial message of welcome. A small army of Gourages having descended upon our luggage, we were escorted through a lane of steel, formed by the rifles of the guard of honor, to an American-made car, the imperial arms emblazoned upon its panels. We learned that there were only half a dozen cars in the country, all save one of

them the property of the empress or the ras. Nor did it take us long to discover the reason, for the city boasts only four roads which could possibly be negotiated by any form of wheeled vehicle save a tractor.

All the roads, all the business of the capital, focus in the great central market-place, half a mile long and nearly a quarter of a mile wide, which on market-days is one solid mass of animals and human beings. Here murderers are frequently executed by hanging, and here also lesser malefactors, highwaymen and the like, pay the penalty for their crimes by suffering the loss of a hand or a foot, the sentence being carried out with despatch by a local butcher, who checks the bleeding by plunging the stump into melted fat. Barbarous? Of course. Yet, if you express your disapproval to an Abyssinian he will politely remind you that they are only obeying the injunction of Moses—"If thine right hand offend thee, cut it off."

The population of Adis Abeba is about 60,000, although this number is considerably augmented at the time of the great feasts, when the powerful feudal nobles from the outlying districts come in to attend the festivities accompanied by thousands of soldiers and retainers. European "society" is extremely limited, consisting of the personnel of the foreign legations, the staffs of the Bank of Abyssinia, the Tobacco Regie, and the railway, and the members of the American Presbyterian mission. Owing to the great distances and the atrocious condition of the roads, entertaining is attended by many difficulties. It is the accepted thing for a gentleman to arrive at a smart legation dinner clad in irreproachable evening dress from the waist up, and in riding-clothes from the waist down, so that above the edge of the table only black coats and white shirt-fronts are visible. though, were one to peer underneath, he would see only the breeches.

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# Possibilities in Our Immigration Policy

Editorial from *The World's Work* (Nov. '24)

**T**HE bootlegging of immigrants across the Canadian and the Mexican borders presents one of those loose ends of the immigration problem left unsolved by the new immigration bill. So long as prohibited aliens can be "jumped" across the borders by unscrupulous smugglers, leaks exist in our immigration policy that more or less threaten its success. . . .

Back of the picturesque phase of this dealing in contraband human material rises an issue of more portentous size. It displays the eagerness of all races to obtain a foothold in the United States, and suggests the complications which American immigration policy is likely to produce with many countries. Nothing is more certain than that the United States is to maintain this policy—to do otherwise would mean the surrender of our birthright as a nation, and voluntarily consent to the utter transformation and consequent mongrelization of our people. Again, nothing is more certain than the hostility which this policy will inevitably arouse in many nations. The Japanese difficulty is only one. Already there is manifest in Europe a tendency to look upon the American continent as something in the nature of a great family estate in which the peoples of Europe have more or less of a vested interest. The attitude of Europe toward war debts is merely one phase of this point of view. The right which certain European nations apparently think they possess of shipping their surplus population to these shores, where they are expected to thrive and become sources of prosperity to the mother country, illustrates the same tendency in another form. Italy protested the immigration bill essentially on these grounds, and Roumania officially

complained that its passage would destroy her monetary system, which rested entirely upon the American gold obtained from Roumanian immigrants. In all European countries the pressure of over-population is strong; the same is true of China, Japan, and the East generally; from all corners of the compass eager eyes are directed to the United States, only to find the way impassably shut.

It would be absurd to close our eyes to the antagonisms which this causes in many parts of the world. As years go by, and American immigration policy tightens, rather than relaxes—for this is inevitable—it will become only another powerful influence in isolating the United States, and any one with the slightest knowledge of history can foresee that it might easily lead to a military combination against this country. Happily there is one big fact in world politics to set on the other side. The problem that confronts the United States confronts, in almost the same form, the British Empire. America and the British Dominions control the larger part of the earth's desirable soil. Both countries have adopted, or will presently adopt, essentially the same policy for their peopling; and both are determined to exclude, not only Asiatics, but also the less desirable and less assimilable of Oriental races. These two empires are so powerful that, together, they can maintain this policy, for any conceivable military or naval organization would be helpless against them. The situation presents another striking illustration of the way in which historic forces, despite all contravening influences, necessarily make the United States and Great Britain partners in the development of the world.



(Continued from Page 496)

boots, and spurs of the frontier.

While we were at breakfast the morning following our arrival there appeared in our compound a whole procession of riding ponies, their coats glistening like satin, saddles beautifully polished, each animal led by a groom wearing a scarlet-bordered chamma of the imperial household. They had been sent by the prince regent to be used by us throughout our stay. The ras also wished to provide me with a suitable escort, for in that country even a petty noble never stirs abroad without at least a score of armed retainers trooping along at his back, while personages of importance come riding into town as many as 500 men-at-arms behind them. To such ridiculous lengths is this custom carried that it is a common sight to see a clerk, perhaps, or a small merchant, jogging along astride a mule, while a little boy, staggering under the weight of a heavy rifle, toils along in the dust to lend dignity to his master.

When the ras proposed that we go on *safari* into the western provinces, we accepted the suggestion eagerly. Not even in India have I seen camping arrangements so luxurious. At the end of each day's march we found the tents pitched in a spot such as an artist might have chosen, the beds made up with soft blankets and fresh linen, the table set with silver and china bearing the imperial arms. And every night there was placed on the table, surprisingly cool from its immersion in some near-by stream, a gilt-tipped bottle of a famous brand and vintage.

The country in which we hunted and loitered reminded me constantly of California—grassy hillsides, fields of waving grain, magnificent forests of pine and giant sycamore, and always, forming a fitting frame for the picture, the encircling rim of purple mountains. We visited old, old castles, with turrets and battle-

ments and garrisons of spearmen, the strongholds of feudal nobles who live precisely as did the feudal barons of the Middle Ages.

One day word was brought me that her Majesty would receive us that afternoon. The imperial *gibbi* consists of a most extraordinary collection of palaces, kiosks, offices, barracks, and stables, encircled by a high wall and set on the crest of a hill which dominates the entire town. Two cages are set close beside the gateway, each containing a magnificent Nubian lion. We were escorted along devious passageways and across numerous courtyards, all teeming with white-robed palace attendants who salaamed profoundly as we passed, to the hall of private audience. Entering, we found ourselves in a richly decorated room, the floors soft with Persian rugs, the walls hidden beneath hangings of brocaded satin. At the far end of the room, within a semi-circle formed by ministers of state, officials of the household, eunuchs, slaves, and a dwarf, stood a huge gilt chair surrounded by a gilded lion. Seated in this chair, bolstered by embroidered pillows, her feet resting on a satin cushion, was a diminutive figure, though all we could see, so closely was she swathed in veils, was a pair of dark and lustrous eyes. It was her Imperial Majesty, the Queen of Queens.

Through a fold of her *chamma* the empress offered us her hand. Through the medium of the court interpreter, the empress asked us how we liked her country, and mentioned that Mrs. Powell was, she thought, the first American woman, barring the missionaries, to visit Abyssinia. As she became interested, she gradually let her veil slip until we could see her nose, her lips, and finally her chin, a compliment, I was told later, rarely paid to Europeans. After a time slaves brought in champagne, and we drank to Ethiopia and its ruler, and its ruler drank to America and to us.

# The Real Marvel of the ZR-3

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Lieut.-Comm. Fitzhugh Green, U.S.N.

NEWSPAPERS have devoted considerable space in the last few weeks to the exploits of the ZR-3, the largest dirigible to attempt a transatlantic flight. But the story of the real miracle of the ZR-3, the "Shenandoah," and other dirigibles is new to most folks. That is the story of duralumin, the marvel metal of the twentieth century—the metal invented specially for airships.

If it were not for duralumin, there would be no transatlantic or cross-continent flights by dirigibles. The airship requires strength and lightness for its ribs and hull. Wood, while light, isn't strong enough. Steel is strong enough, but too heavy. Duralumin is stronger than wood and much lighter than steel, in fact, about one-third the weight of the latter. So light and strong is it that you can pick up with two fingers a girder of it that will support six men.

Duralumin is an alloy of copper, manganese and magnesium, with about 94 per cent of aluminum. Its "strength-weight" efficiency, that is, in strength and lightness, is 17 per cent greater than a good alloy steel and nearly three times better than mild steel or half-hard aluminum. It was first made by Alfred Wilm in Germany in the development of Zeppelin airships, but is now being made in England and the United States.

Engineers talk of a Duralumin Age. They speak of vast quantities of fuel saved by lighter engines, trains and motors; of buildings dizzily high; of a world unshackled from ponderous iron and steel. At this moment a large American corporation is seeking permission from the government to use the power at

Muscle Shoals to manufacture this metal for railroad uses.

That the thoughts of these engineers are not mere figments of imagination is proved by the visible evidence of the marvelous qualities of the metal in the extraordinary performances of the ZR-3 and the "Shenandoah," as well as the tests of the F4-C, the Navy's first all-metal airplane, constructed entirely of duralumin.

Statistics of one of the new duralumin-framed air mammoths are illuminating. Take the ZR-3. Her gas capacity is 2,500,000 cubic feet. A ship of a size holding the immense volume of 10,000,000 cubic feet is contemplated. The latter will no doubt be the standard commercial liner of the very near future. The ZR-3 can carry a load of nearly 100,000 pounds. This means at least 20 passengers besides crew and baggage, and something like 12 tons of profit-paying express can be added.

Let us translate this into terms of the competitive side of air transport as compared with transcontinental railroad service. At a fare of \$200 a passenger, and considering 72 hours as the coast-to-coast schedule, a company operating five ships ought to be able to clear expenses on this side of the business alone. This leaves the express profits to pay unusually large dividends on invested capital. These conclusions are by no means offhand speculation. They are flinty facts already arrived at by a group of American business men who recently have organized to start an airways corporation just the moment that our navy's experiments put the official stamp of experts on their plans.

See how the score of duralumin mounts: Airship size no longer limited; mail and passenger service revived throughout the world, particularly at sea, where no waterborne vessel can compete with her rival in the air; health and comfort of traveling improved. All traceable to duralumin.

There is another aspect of airship travel—as distinct from airplanes—that is rarely noted. That is the unsurpassed safety of the duralumin-built dirigible. Furthermore, a study of dirigible disasters in the past reveals that the tragedy in each no longer would be possible. Neither the "Roma," "Dixmude," nor R-32 could have been burned had they been inflated with helium. For the most energetic efforts have so far failed to set fire to this strangely inert gas.

In my opinion duralumin is the most important single factor in bringing about the triumph of commercial airships, but there are other points in my conviction that they have come to stay. One is the anchorage now afforded by the mooring masts, which can hold and protect the largest dirigible in any kind of weather and offer safe haven to the air-liners in winds that ordinarily would keep them out of hangars. In addition to the safety element, the cost of a mooring mast—\$30,000, as against \$500,000 for a hangar—is a big argument for the operation of air-liners from a commercial viewpoint.

But mooring masts would have been of no use had not the dirigible been rugged enough to withstand the wind and rain. Nor would helium have stood for great progress over hydrogen had not its frail goldbeater's skin containers been housed in a structure almost incalculably staunch. Both the ruggedness and the staunchness were wanting before the day of duralumin.

Another unexcelled safety feature that distinguishes the air cruiser

that has the light duralumin framework is that she is virtually unsinkable. She may have 20—she may have 50—small balloons inside her metal hull. Each of these balloons is filled with gas and is independent of all the others. Each constitutes a lifting unit. Each can be controlled by valving so that survivors clinging to it can drift landward safely. Each is individually inspected, tested, filled, and lashed in place before the journey.

Secretly all of us would like to fly, but most of us fear the possibility of accident. That fear need come no more. Through the agency of the wonder-metal, duralumin, the aerial liner will be safer than our floating palaces of the sea.

In the early stages of commercial airships we shall compare them with the "Majestics" and "Leviathans" of the sea. They will be fast, luxurious vehicles of the very rich. But not for long. Already it is estimated that a three-day service between Europe and America of air-liners carrying 50 passengers and charging only what the steamships now charge, would be a financial success. A coast-to-coast service in the United States is said to promise a financial return on mail and express alone.

Already, too, definite plans are being formulated for linking the nations of the world by commercial dirigibles—plans that include regular airship services between nations of Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. France intends to use the airship in developing her African colonies. Spain is contemplating weekly four-day flights between Seville and Buenos Aires. England is talking of an airship line to India and the Far East. For all such projects, of course, dirigibles twice as large as the ZR-3 would be required. . . . Special Red Cross dirigibles no doubt will be equipped for rescue work in floods and forest fires.

# The Women of New China

Condensed from *Our World* (Oct. '24)

*Grace Thompson Seton*

THE New Woman of China has emerged from the Inner Chamber. In contrast to the past, she is walking the streets, going into strange and public places, conversing with men, other than her near relatives, even accepting their embraces in the lively steps of the latest jazz, without running undue risk of incurring the Penalties of the Ancient Rites, which prescribe death and torture for all kinds of breaches of modesty and good faith. The wave of self-determination, both for nations and individuals, which has been creeping around the world, has broken upon the mental shore of China with spectacular results.

To generalize upon such widely divergent cities as Peking, in the North, Shanghai in the middle, and Canton in the South is not like stating conditions in Boston, Philadelphia and Jacksonville, but rather like discussing Montreal, New York and Mexico City. Therefore, when one can find similar cases in the three great Chinese cities mentioned, it is fair to assume that the condition is national.

The educated women have entered three fields of endeavor, the professions, business, and philanthropy. There are women bankers and lawyers and dentists and druggists as well as shining lights who are educationalists and philanthropists. But the most interesting group to my mind are the doctors. Of the many wonderful Chinese women doctors who crowd to my memory, Dr. Ng Chi Mooy of Canton, a surgeon, not yet 30 years old, has a large hospital for women and children; Dr. Mary Stone has a hospital in Shanghai and runs a woman's Clinic in the

center of the city as well; and Dr. Yamei Kin, of Peking, a truly unusual woman has trained many others to follow in her work.

The suffragist has arrived in China and is demanding her rights. It was Miss Edith Pang, dean of the Mary Porter Gamewell School of Peking, who told me that suffragism could be tracked to its source in Peking at the Peking Woman's College, where the students are drawn from nearly every province, destined to return as teachers to their native cities. I met Miss Alice M. Chou, President of the Women's Equal Rights Association in the College. In October, 1922, Miss Chou, in company with three other valiant women, took a petition to Parliament, endorsed by 500 signatures of women in all classes, urging the following Demands: (1) The opening up of all educational institutions to women. (2) Adoption of universal suffrage. (3) The granting to women of equal rights in matters of marriage. (4) Prohibition of licensed prostitution, girl slavery, and foot-binding. (5) Addition of a new provision to the Criminal Code to the effect that any one who keeps a concubine shall be considered guilty of bigamy. (6) Enactment of a law governing the protection of female labor, in accordance with the principle, "Equal work, equal pay."

Miss Wang Muan-chen was the first suffragette to advocate the abolition of concubinage or "small wives." She threw a bomb into the Legislature by declaring, "as many high officials have concubines, the only way is to get these dismissed from the provincial assembly and also to



run out those members who keep houses of ill-fame."

It is a significant handwriting on the wall. Not much longer can Old China make good the proverb, "A young girl must be kept like a tiger in the house."

In fact, "Votes for Women" arrived in China ten years ago with other Republican slogans. Despite much opposition, Mrs. Wong Chong Kuo was actually elected to the Hunan Provincial Legislature. There was even a Woman Legislator in Peking, and Mrs. Lau Sum Chi was the first of two women elected to sit in the House of Representatives at Canton. This was the result of a parade of 700 students who gathered in a mass meeting and demanded equal rights for voting, for education, and for holding office.

Among the suffragists may also be found the lawyers, writers, and business women. In 1912 some women lawyers returning from Paris established a school of law and politics in Peking, which has since lapsed. But a new law school for women has recently been opened in Shanghai, for which Mrs. George C. Hsu is largely responsible.

Mrs. T. C. Chu is the principal organizer of the Chinese Woman's Club of which she said: "When we think of the time, not so very long ago when the first woman's club in America emerged out of the sewing-circle, and now when we read of the vast projects, the all-absorbing programs of the conference recently held by the American Federation of Woman's Clubs, we feel encouraged and know that we too have made our humble beginning."

Mrs. Pingsa Hu Chu, a graduate of Wellesley, is representative of a fine type of returned student. She is head of the Secretarial Department of the Chinese-American Bank of Commerce. She is also Chairman of the National Committee of the Y. W. C. A. of China, President of the Child's Study Club, and Secre-

tary of the Shanghai Woman's Social League. For a long time she managed the woman's magazine, the "Ladies' Journal."

The story of the educator and of the foreign-trained student has been the one most told of China. There are acres of printed matter about them in the reports of the Chinese Ministry of Education. It is indeed a marvelous tale, impossible to present here. The Missionaries have woven an intricate pattern over China. Like a web, their missions, schools, hospitals and welfare centers have spread to the farthest outposts and have caught the mind of a people who revered learning long before Europe was out of its swaddling clothes. In the lower primary Mission Schools there were 169,146 pupils in 6,012 schools under 6,629 teachers, and about 30 per cent were girls.

In the normal training schools, young women are finding a profession. Already there are 280 women teachers in a total of 485 in 28 schools.

The Chinese girl takes kindly to athletics. There are now international teams of girl tennis and basketball players and even very large athletic associations.

The third group in the trilogy is drawn from the large and important class of social and philanthropic women. Two names may be mentioned, each representing a widely different phase. Mme. Liza Hardoon was born in Shanghai. Her mother was Chinese. She employs her great wealth in promoting the welfare of children. The second floor of her palace contains living quarters for over a hundred babies and children, with their governesses, all of whom she has adopted! Another philanthropist is Futsin Sia, who has developed a school for Knitting and Crochet work, the main idea being to help girls to become self-supporting.



# A Piece of String

From *The Atlantic Monthly* (Nov. '24)

(*The Contributor's Club*)

**F**IVE blocks! In most cases not a formidable distance, but if it happens to stretch between your lavatory which needs repairing and the shop where the journeyman plumber has inevitably left something vital to the mending, it is at once an impressive space.

You have an uncanny presentiment of the unbelievable length of time it will take for the mender to get that particular piece of string which he declares is necessary, and you hasten to offer him every substitute in your menage—from dental floss to clothesline.

There is the hard wiry string that came around the new dishpan. What? Not limber enough? Then what about this fuzzy hemp that secured the lately laundered curtains? Too linty! Well, maybe it is. But here is a limber one, without lint, which bound the last purchase of sheets. Not just hardly it! W-well! The clothesline is too thick, the grocery cord too thin!

After all, what did he need with string? The journeyman plumber stiffens with hauteur. You wouldn't understand if he told you. This is a pertic'lar job, and to go on with it he must have string, the nearest specimen of which reposes in the boss's shop.

He talks fervently. On your time. Two dollars and a quarter an hour. Heavens! Fifteen minutes gone in talk! One quarter of two-twenty-five is—let's see. But even as you calculate the minutes tick off at the rate of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cents apiece. (You compute that later when the plumber-meter isn't counting against you.)

"I know!" You beam with inspiration born of desperation. "I'll

send William on his bicycle for it so you won't have to stop work."

The journeyman treats you to a startled glance, but at once regains his poise. "Now, lady, I gotta go for that string myself. See? The boss might send the wrong kind and hold up the job longer 'n ever. Anyways, I can't do nothin' till I get it."

He goes. You look at the clock and fatuously hope his car will not suffer any untoward accident at your expense. He ought to be back in ten minutes, but your psychic antennae gather that he will not.

And he is not. But how 'd he know he was goin' to have a blow-out and the spare tire back at the shop? (What tenaciously home-staying creatures plumbers' possessions are!) It took him only twenty-five minutes to fix that tire O. K., while anybody but a plumber 'd had to spend three quarters of an hour.

One dollar and eight cents' worth of alleged puncture and seventy-eight cents' worth of trip. You calculate it while you sort of hang around to find out what on earth he is going to do with that string.

But you never know. The telephone rings and, during the two minutes you are silencing it, the string does its part, if ever. For on your return to the scene of damage, there it lies—just as ordinary piece of string; as like that piece that came around the laundered curtains as one pea is like another. There it lies in the litter of plaster of Paris where the master-mender flung it, feebly coiled, trying to look important and expensive.

I may be accounted bitter about that string. (For I have been using

the more intimate "you" to indicate the universality of the episode.) Perhaps I am. It hurt my pride and swept away my confidence. For, before that string happened to me, I thought I had acquired, by experience with the same slight mishap to the same lavatory, sufficient data anent the eccentricities of plumbing supplies in being "left at the shop" to forestall any possible hitch by any such phenomena.

To begin with, the bowl was only slightly loose at one side, a screw having fallen out underneath, carrying with it a lump of plaster of Paris. There! I'd do one plumber the unheard-of good turn of apprising him of just exactly what he would need to bring, saving him that invariable trip back to the shop which I had heard my friends deplore. How expensive the poor plumbers must find these trips!

So, on generosity bent, I called one of the first names in that part of the telephone directory devoted to the plumber persuasion. Later I came to choose plumbers by their proximity to the job in question. This one held sway thirty-seven blocks away. I told him the extent of the accident; that I had the screw, but he would have to bring the plaster of Paris.

He came, but he brought no plaster of Paris.

"And you'll have to go all the way back for it? That will be expensive for you," I sympathized with reservations.

"For me! We don't do nothin' on our own time onst we leave the shop. Our pay begins when we start to go on a job and it keeps right up till the job's finished."

"At what rate?" I managed.

"Two dollars and a quarter an hour," grimly.

"I asked you to bring that plaster of Paris with you."

"I had to look at the job first."

"Didn't you know exactly what had to be done?"

"Yes'm, but I hadda come look

first," doggedly.

"Do you ever fasten marble bowls up without plaster of Paris?"

"No 'm, but I hadda come look at it," more doggedly.

"Well, go on back to the shop and—stay!" I flipped catishly.

The next plumber held court twelve blocks distant—the five-blocks one could not be roused. He would fly at once to my aid, and I held him dangling until I minutely described to him my needs. Sternly I declared that if he did not bring plaster of Paris we could not deal.

He brought it. But failed to bring a certain highly specialized tool. I offered him everything from the screw-driver to the meat-grinder, but he had to go back to the shop. Our adieus were final, and it was here that the five-blocks man and the string came into my life.

I sat up late that night. Taking the number of go-back-and-getters shown in the directory and dividing them into the town's population, I was able to estimate the plumber census of the whole country.

I computed that the number of highly remarkable tools left behind at the shop in a single year would equip every Ford turned out at the Detroit factory since 1921, including trucks. And that pieces of string fetched by special trip, if laid end to end, would reach from Bangor, Maine, to Bozeman, Montana.

I took these figures to a neighbor who declared the tool estimate conservative enough, but the string computation somewhat high. It was only in extreme cases that it factored. But take wire, he said. Why, the wire which had to be used to open stopped drains, and which was always left in the shop, in a single year would bale the nation's hay crop from Syracuse to Sacramento.

As for my case, it was just a piece of string. But it has tripped my optimism about democracy and disturbed my faith in liberty, equality, and fraternity. America harbors at least one highly favored class.

# Did John Wilkes Booth Escape?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Nov. '24)

William G. Shepherd

IN 20 years of journalism I have never encountered a more absorbing story than the Enid legend of John Wilkes Booth. . . . This legend is no mild rumor. It has penetrated the office of Harper's Magazine, as well as others, many times during the past 20 years. When H. H. Kohlsaat recently published in a magazine an account of how the family of John Wilkes Booth secured his body from the government at Washington and buried it in the family cemetery lot in Baltimore, he received many letters from various parts of the country announcing that John Wilkes Booth had never been captured. . . .

At the outset I must say there would have been no legend of Enid if the records of the War Department concerning the capture and burial of John Wilkes Booth had not been prepared in secrecy. In haste, without public notice, without civilian identification, with few onlookers, the body officially described as that of John Wilkes Booth was disposed of. With the Great War fresh in our minds, it is easier to comprehend the secret military methods which were followed in disposing of the remains of Lincoln's assassin. Col. L. C. Baker was given sole responsibility for the capture of Booth by Secretary of War Stanton. Colonel Baker put his cousin, Lt. L. B. Baker, in charge of the field search. They held themselves accountable to no one except the Secretary of War.

Even at the time there were those who doubted that the Bakers had captured John Wilkes Booth. And the two Bakers made no attempt to prove conclusively to the public that the body in their possession—that of

the man shot in the Garrett barn ten days after Lincoln's assassination—was that of John Wilkes Booth. A diary written by Booth had been found on the body. There were thousands of citizens in Washington who knew Booth by sight, but not one of them—not even one of his stage associates—was asked to identify the remains. History is befuddled as to what was done with the body. Dr. George L. Porter, high in the medical service of the Union army, says that he and four soldiers buried it in a cell in the old arsenal where the War College now stands. For four years—indeed, not until the body was removed because of building operations and turned back to the Booth family—the public did not know what disposition had been made of the assassin's body.

In short, there was mystery enough about the capture and burial of Booth—due to justified caution, perhaps, in view of the wartime conditions and the fear that the Confederates would find the body and treat it as a hero's—to render it not unreasonable to entertain the Enid legend.

With these facts in mind I sat through several summer afternoons in a home in Memphis, listening to a white-haired Southern lawyer telling his strange story of what had befallen him in his early days when he went to Texas to get his start in life. His name was Finis L. Bates. His forebears and relatives had been eminent in civilian and governmental life; he himself had been a state's attorney general. When he was a cub attorney of 21 in Texas he had an amazing experience which to a great extent molded his entire life.

He became acquainted with a man whom he believed to be John Wilkes Booth, *eight years after* Booth had assassinated Abraham Lincoln. I listened enthralled as he told me of those days in 1872 in Texas and of the years of time and thousands of dollars he had since expended in trying to establish in the public mind, "for the correction of history, sir," his belief that John Wilkes Booth had escaped punishment. The gist of his long story, which sent me trailing through the South and West, was this:

"When I was a young lawyer, I went to the town of Grandberry, Texas, to seek my fortune. One day a client came to me and told me a story of trouble. In those days, general stores used to sell whisky. They were required to take out government licenses. Well, my client had recently sold his store at Glen Rose Mills to a stranger named John St. Helen. This John St. Helen had failed to take out a license, and my client had been summoned to court for this failure. Of course, it was John St. Helen who should have been arrested. The federal authorities, in a town two days distant from us by horse, did not know of the sale of the store.

"I sent word to this John St. Helen that I wanted to see him, and he came to my office within a day or two. I never in all my subsequent years saw such a man. He was indescribably handsome. He had a poise and a carriage that commanded instant attention. His voice and his speech fascinated me as they fascinated all with whom he came in contact. He was strangely out of place in this wild Western country.

"St. Helen admitted that whisky had been sold in his store; but he had not known that it was necessary to secure a license; he showed an unfamiliarity with storekeeping which did not surprise me. He asked me if he might retain me as his lawyer. When I agreed to this he said, 'I don't dare to go to a federal

court. It's a matter of life and death with me. Can't you persuade the man who sold me the store to go to court and plead guilty? I will pay the fine and all expenses.'"

The upshot of this negotiation was that the former storekeeper went with the young lawyer, Bates, and pleaded guilty.

Not long after that, as the Fourth of July of the year 1872 approached, John St. Helen invited the young lawyer of Grandberry to come to Glen Rose Mills to deliver the Independence Day oration. Ranchers and cowboys came from many miles to the great barbecue. But on that day the leader of the occasion was not the promising young lawyer. It was John St. Helen—flashing eyed, golden voiced and eloquent—who carried off the honors.

"I could never stir such emotions as he commanded," my white-haired host told me. "The crowd cheered and cheered, and demanded, later in the day, that he speak again. His fame as an orator was fixed that day.

"But after a time he sold his store and moved to Grandberry, where he set up another store. He had an able Mexican who did most of the work. He and I used to spend many hours together every day. He turned me to Shakespeare and to Roman History. He gave me innumerable lessons in oratory. He taught me what to do with my hands and feet before an audience. He taught me gestures and voice inflection. His imitations of public speakers who made errors in platform manners were execratingly funny.

"One day he became very ill; the doctor thought he could not live. St. Helen sent for me. 'I don't believe I shall live,' he told me. 'Reach under my pillow and take out a picture you'll find there,' he said. 'If I don't live, I want you, as my lawyer, to send that picture to Edwin Booth, in New York City, and tell him that the man in that picture is dead. Tell him how I died.'



"Within a few weeks St. Helen was up again. At last, one day, he mentioned to me his strange request. 'Take a walk,' he said. 'I want to tell you something'."

Along the road, John St. Helen told the story which affected Finis L. Bates' entire life. "'I am John Wilkes Booth,' he said to me, continued Bates. "'I am the man who killed the best man that ever lived, Abraham Lincoln'."

For hours, Bates told me, he tried to disprove to St. Helen his own amazing claim. Finally, St. Helen said: "'Look here! I'm going to tell you as a lawyer some things that only John Wilkes Booth himself and no other man on earth could know'."

In the story that followed, John St. Helen put Finis L. Bates on the trail of historical or official facts that kept Bates busy all his life, that caused him to write a book entitled "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," full of the mystery of what happened in Washington on that indescribable night of April 14, 1865, and that caused him, years afterward, to keep unburied a body which he believed to be that of John Wilkes Booth.

In what follows I am not going to name a very high official who was designated to me by Bates. It is part of the Enid legend that a certain government official of great power and position planned the killing of Lincoln and helped Booth to escape. Let his name be Blank.

"I rode into Washington on the morning of that day, intending to take part in a plot to abduct President Lincoln and carry him to Richmond. But I was told that Richmond had fallen, so I knew there could be no abduction. That afternoon, I met Mr. Blank'." According to St. Helen's story Blank had been in the abduction plot. "'Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?' St. Helen said Mr. Blank asked him, over a glass of brandy. 'And then,' St. Helen said, 'Blank told me how

Lincoln was preparing to ruin and devastate the South. 'I can arrange matters so that you can escape,' he told me. 'Lincoln is going to Ford's Theater this evening.'"

"Mr. Blank showed me that he could give Herrold and me the password at the bridge. He made it appear to me that I would be committing not assassination but an act of war. And so I yielded. He gave me the password late in the day, and that night Herrold and I gave the password to two sentries at the bridge and the sentries permitted us to go through."

"If I were not John Wilkes Booth how could I know what I'm going to tell you now? I told Mr. Blank, who was urging me to kill Lincoln, that it would be certain death for me to go into Lincoln's box with General Grant present. It had been announced in the afternoon papers that Grant would be there. And Grant wasn't there. Blank had only a few hours in which to act. I don't know how he arranged it but he kept his word. Grant was not there. Up to a late hour in the afternoon, Grant intended appearing in the box with Lincoln—his first public appearance as the hero of the war. But in a few hours he was on a train leaving Washington'."

Mr. Bates dug out a letter which he had received years later from General Grant's secretary. It said that something had happened at the White House that afternoon to disturb Mrs. Grant: a rumor, something she had heard, some intuition of trouble. And she had persuaded General Grant to leave the city with her, foregoing a gala presentation with the President at Ford's Theater.

"The man who was shot in the corner at the Garrett Farm must have been a soldier named Ruddy," St. Helen told Bates. "After the escape from Washington I had ridden in a negro's wagon under a pile of furniture to a ferry. After I had crossed the ferry I discovered that my diary and some other papers had



fallen out of my pocket. I asked this Confederate soldier to go back on the ferry and catch up with the wagon and get my papers.

"I slept in a room of the Garrett house that night, with Herrold. The next day Herrold went off to Bowling Green to get me a pair of shoes. On the afternoon of that day, I saw some Union soldiers riding past. I dropped my field glasses on the lawn and, without saying anything to the Garretts, I went out into the woods back of the house and got away. It must have been Ruddy, bringing back my papers, who was caught in the corner."

Finis Bates, in after years, looked up the records and found that the glasses had been found on the lawn. . . .

Quietly and without farewells, John St. Helen departed from Grandberry, Texas, as if sorry he had spoken to Bates, even in confidence.

Twenty-five years went by. Bates began to delve into history. In a great mass of material accumulated during his lifetime were letters from one of the sentries who permitted Booth to cross the bridge; from Lt. D. D. Dana, aide to the provost marshal of Washington at the time of the assassination; from members of the Garrett family; and from many others who took part in the strange events of that time. Bates received enough confirmation of the story of John St. Helen to cause him to believe it. But John St. Helen had disappeared.

Bates found F. A. Demond, of Cavendish, Vermont, who had been one of the sentries at the bridge the night Booth escaped. Through all the years Demond himself had been puzzled by the strange orders he and his fellow sentries received at the bridge that night. "Just as we were getting ready for guard duty, a little after 10 o'clock that night," Demond told Bates, "Lt. Dana came to us and told us not to let anyone through without a password—'T. B.' with the countersign 'T. B. Road.' We

*thought that strange, for it was the first time that we ever had a password since we were on that bridge."*

Almost at the very hour that Lincoln was to be slain the sentries were given orders that gave freedom to the murderers of Lincoln and held back their pursuers. Booth and Herrold, riding five minutes apart, gave the proper passwords and passed through into the South.

While Finis L. Bates, in the city of Memphis, was carrying on his law practice and was from time to time journeying about the country to talk with those who might know something of the Booth case, there appeared in the little town of El Reno, Oklahoma, in the spring of 1901, an elderly man who gave his name at the Anstien hotel, where he registered, as David E. George. I talked recently with Mrs. N. J. Anstien. "Mr. George was a fascinating talker," she told me. "He never spoke to us about his family. It was pleasant in those days to meet such a gentleman as he was. I was not surprised to hear afterward that he was John Wilkes Booth. . . . I remember one day while he was sick in his room, a father and mother brought their daughter to him. They insisted that he should marry her. They said the girl had fallen in love with him and that it was not her fault. They did not claim that he had wronged her, except mentally. They thought he had a great deal of money and that he was a fine gentleman. He went into a tremendous fury and I heard him shout 'Madam, I have not wronged your daughter. She does not say I have wronged her. Out! Out! All of you. Begone!' He talked like an actor in a tragedy. When they had left I went into his room.

"'Me! Me!' he was saying. 'They challenge me!' And then he said to me, 'Why, they don't know who I am. Why, I killed the best man that ever lived.' I thought his talk was all part of his spell of fury and I did not know, until a year

later when he was dead, what he meant."

This strange old man made an impression on men and women wherever he went. It was easy for me to trace his 22-year-old trail through the town affairs of El Reno and Enid. He read theatrical journals, sitting in the lobby of the Anstien hotel. He was very careful about dyeing his hair; he purchased his dye of a druggist who remembers this customer. "But I never thought he was John Wilkes Booth," the druggist tells you—(every elderly person in El Reno and in Enid, three miles away, either believes or does not believe that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth).

David E. George must have used all but his last dollar to make a payment of \$350 for the simple little four-roomed house which he bought in El Reno. He found a man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Simmons, who were willing to live in the house, rent free, and give him care, board, and lodging. In following his trail you discover that this strange person was carefully selecting those persons who might aid and be kind to an old man who might soon be dying.

One person to whom the old man tried to cling was Mrs. Ida Harper, wife of the Methodist clergyman of El Reno. One day while she was calling on the family with which he lived, the women heard him calling for help. They ran into the room and found him ill, lying on his bed.

"I'm very ill," he said. While Mrs. Simmons ran out of the room to make strong coffee, George called Mrs. Harper to his bedside. "I believe I am going to die," he said. "I killed the best man that ever lived."

I give her story:

"I asked him who it was he killed, and he said, 'Abraham Lincoln.' I thought he was out of his head, so I asked 'Who was Abraham Lincoln?' 'Is it possible you are so ignorant as not to know?' he answered. Then he took a pencil and paper and wrote

in a legible hand, the name Abraham Lincoln. 'Don't doubt me,' he said. 'I am John Wilkes Booth. I am dying now.' He seemed to be perfectly rational. I really thought he was dying. He made me promise that I would keep his secret until he was dead. He said that if anyone should find out he was John Wilkes Booth, they would hang him. He told me that people high in official life hated Lincoln and were implicated in his assassination. He said he was devoted to acting but that he had to give it up because of his rash deed."

A doctor came in while George was talking to Mrs. Harper, and he drew the old man back to life. Mrs. Harper kept her word for a time.

Just as St. Helen had disappeared from the knowledge of Finis L. Bates after telling his strange story, so David E. George, 30 years later, was suddenly lost to his acquaintance in El Reno.

And now the old man is coming to the end of his trail. We pick it up at Enid, a few hours' train ride from El Reno. He registered at the Grand Avenue Hotel. Drinking made up the few weeks of life that was left to the old man. On January 13, 1903, he took poison and died.

Mrs. Ida Harper read the story in the newspapers.

"While I was fixing up the body," Mr. W. H. Ryan told me, "the Reverend Mr. Harper came into the room and looked at the corpse. He gave a sort of cry and then said to me, 'Do you know who that is? You are embalming the body of John Wilkes Booth—the man who killed Abraham Lincoln.' And then he told me the story that George had told Mrs. Harper. Of course I took special pains with the body after that; I did the best job of embalming I've ever done. If it was Booth's body, I wanted to preserve it for the Washington officials when they came. But they never came," he added.

The newspaper printed Mrs. Har-

per's story and it reached Finis L. Bates in faraway Memphis—Bates who had known John St. Helen and had been floundering for 25 years with his unsolvable puzzle. Bates hurried to Enid.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Finis L. Bates was escorted into the rear room of the furniture store. "My old friend! My old friend St. Helen!" Bates said, and then began to weep.

"I was watching his face," Mr. W. B. Penniman, the furniture man, told me. "I've seen hundreds of identifications in my time and Bates' identification was genuine. He was sure that George was St. Helen."

Excitement came thick and fast in Enid that January 21 years ago. When Bates' story became public knowledge there was no doubt in the public mind that here was the corpse of John Wilkes Booth. Men, women and children thronged by the thousands to look at the body in the rear of the furniture store.

Penniman could not see his way clear to put the body away if it was that of John Wilkes Booth—the government officials might want it. Days, weeks, months passed, and then the years went by. Enid became accustomed to having the mummy on display in the rear room of the furniture store; it was one of the sights of Enid.

No one claimed the body. So Finis L. Bates took the body back to his home in Memphis, where it lies mummified and unburied today. "There was a mystery about the old man, all right," the undertaker, W. B. Penniman, told me in his present home in Columbus, Ohio, a few days before I sat down to write this strange tale. "We handled hundreds of bodies taken from all sorts of places in those days; from haystacks and box cars, from fields and roads and hotel rooms. We never found a body that wasn't identified and claimed in due time and buried at the expense of relatives—except one:

that was the body of poor old George."

To prove or disprove the Enid legend had been my task. . . . Mr. Penniman in Columbus, Ohio, had taken charge of the few papers which were found in the room of David E. George. From the basement he brought a musty old grip full of papers. Among them we found a canceled check. That check brought me to the end of my trail. There it had lain for years, unseen by Bates and unexamined by any of the leading supporters of the Enid legend. It was the check for \$350 which George had made in payment for the little house in El Reno.

Within two days I held that check in my hand in an attic room in the War Department in Washington where are stored the exhibits in the case of John Wilkes Booth. In the presence of two guards, I had access to all the documents in the Booth case. Here I saw the diary of Booth, found on the body taken from the Garrett cornerrib. Putting the check and the diary side by side, I had my proof. Different hands wrote that check and that diary. George was not John Wilkes Booth.

The body turned over to the Booth family in Baltimore by the government was the body of a man dressed in the uniform of a Confederate soldier. On one foot, when the casket was opened at the time of the transfer, was found a riding boot. On the other foot was a soldier's heavy brogan. It had been slashed with a knife across the instep to ease a broken foot.

John St. Helen's messenger who, St. Helen said, was killed instead of Booth, would not have been lame as Booth was with a broken bone. And a crutch was found in the barn—the crutch on which Booth had hobbled away from the home of Doctor Mudd, who had dressed his broken shin.

The evidence against the Enid legend is overwhelming. But what a strange story it is!

WALTER PRICHARD EATON (p. 467) was born in Malden, Mass., in 1878. He is the author of a dozen or more books on various subjects.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (pp. 475, 505) has recently become one of the editors of Collier's Weekly.

JAMES A. DRAIN (p. 477) before assuming the National Commandership of the American Legion was one of the leading attorneys in active practice in Washington. He joined the Legion in 1919, and has served as Department Commander of the District of Columbia, National Executive Committeeman, and as a member of the Board of Directors of the "American Legion Weekly." In the war Mr. Drain sailed with the First Division as a major of ordnance. He was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal, the French Legion of Honor, and the Cross of the King of Italy. He was discharged as a lieutenant-colonel, Tank Corps.

ROBERT GLASS CLELAND (p. 485), Professor of Hispanic-American Relations in Occidental College, Los Angeles, is editor of the "Mexican Year Book," and the author of a standard history of California.

T. J. LE BLANC (p. 493) was engaged in the investigation of malaria in the South during the past Summer. More recently he has been attached to the Statistical Division of the Public Health Service at Washington.

I value your little paper tremendously and think I am responsible for a number of people throughout the country taking it.—Murray W. Dewart, Rector, Christ Church, Baltimore, Md.

More and more do we appreciate The Reader's Digest. The cream is rising rapidly.—Mrs. A. M. Tefft, 1255 Penn. St., Denver, Colo.

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Statement of ownership, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of The Reader's Digest, published monthly, at Floral Park, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1924. State of New York, County of Westchester, ss.: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DeWitt Wallace, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of The Reader's Digest and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. Editors, DeWitt Wallace, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Lila Bell Acheson, Pleasantville, N. Y.; H. J. Cubberley, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, DeWitt Wallace. Business Manager, None. 2. That the owners are: The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock: DeWitt Wallace, Lila Bell Acheson, H. J. Cubberley. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the two said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. DeWitt Wallace (Signature of Managing Editor.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of Oct., 1924. Geo. H. Cornell, Notary Public.



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## A HAPPY SOLUTION

AS the Christmas Season approaches there comes with it the annually recurring problem of the Christmas gift, the bewildering question of what is the ideal Christmas remembrance that shall express in a form neither trivial nor ephemeral your message of affection and esteem.

To Digest enthusiasts there is no need to point the fitting token. Thousands of your fellow readers have found the gift suitable for father, son, sister or friend—a gift that will reflect you and your spirit—a gift which will repeat to the recipient a message of friendship not once but many times during the following year.

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NOTE—The January issue of the Digest, together with an appropriate gift announcement card will be enclosed in attractive Christmas wrappings, and mailed so as to reach the recipient at Christmas.

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